

MARTIN BOX

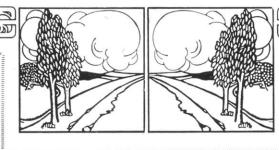
VOLUME SIX

1916 Yearbook Presented To  
Martin College On 7/25/82 By  
Mrs. Elise Newton Tarpley

suffer little children come  
unto me.

John 3:1-3

BENSON  
PRINTING  
COMPANY  
NASHVILLE



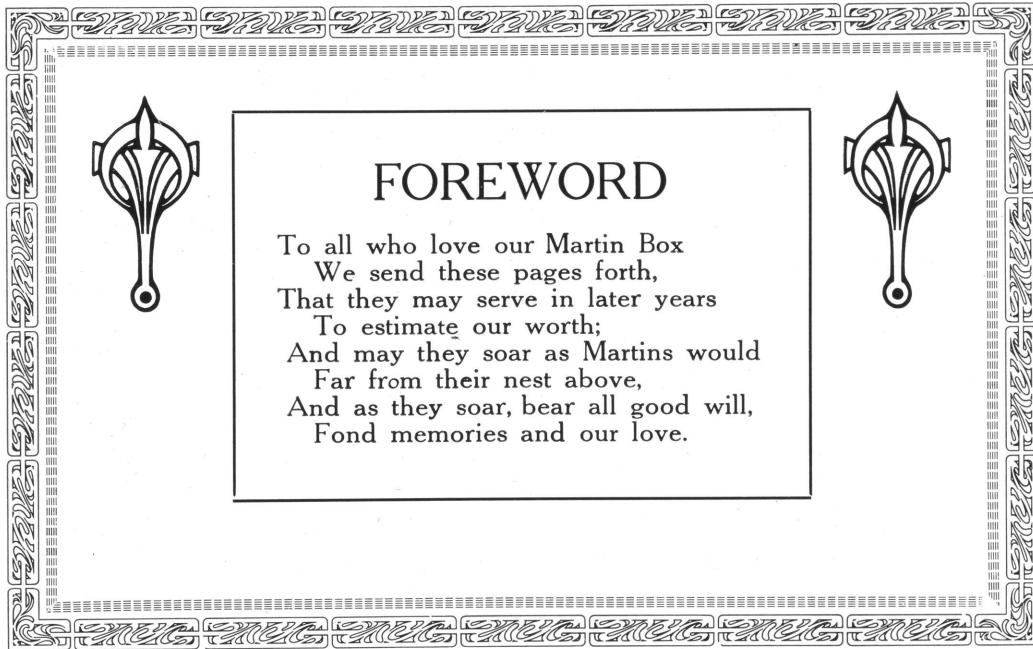
# The MARTIN BOX

## VOLUME SIX

PUBLISHED BY THE  
PHI KAPPA, PHILOSOPHIAN AND AEPIOIAN  
LITERARY SOCIETIES OF MARTIN COLLEGE  
PULASKI, TENNESSEE

## FOREWORD

To all who love our Martin Box  
We send these pages forth,  
That they may serve in later years  
To estimate our worth;  
And may they soar as Martins would  
Far from their nest above,  
And as they soar, bear all good will,  
Fond memories and our love.



## CONTENTS

---

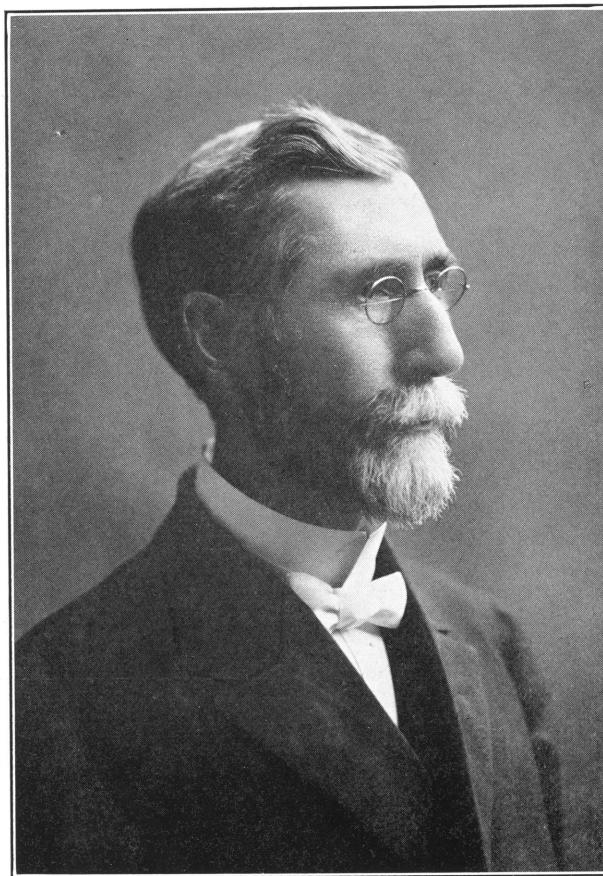
BOOK I—The College

BOOK II—Special Departments

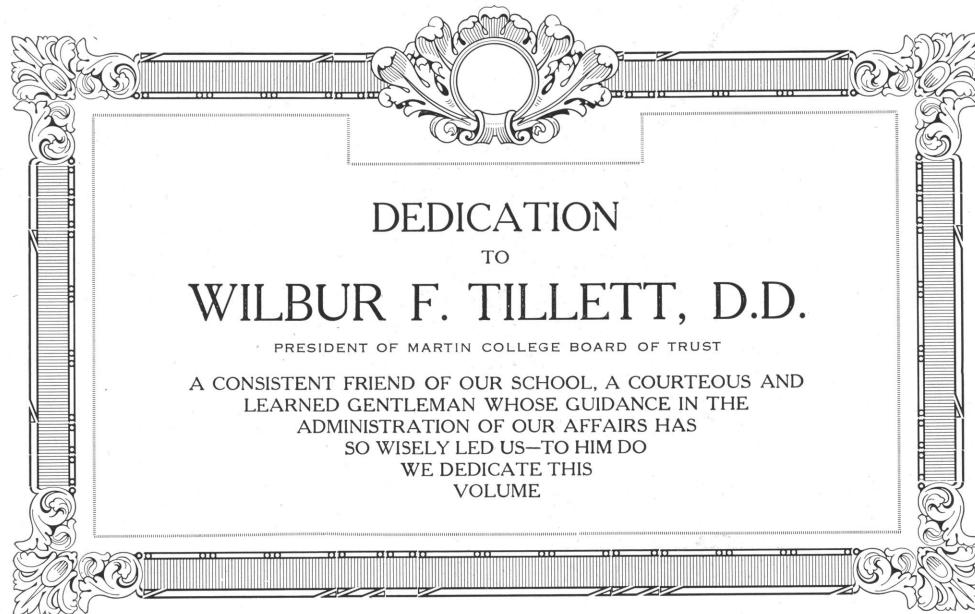
BOOK III—Organizations

BOOK IV—Miscellaneous

*The Martin Box*  
*Nineteen Hundred Sixteen*



DR. WILBUR F. TILLETT



*The Martin Box*  
Nineteen Hundred Sixteen



MARTIN BOX STAFF

## The Staff

ANNIE RUTH LEE . . . . .	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
BONNIE SIMPSON . . . . .	<i>Business Manager</i>
NELL HOLT . . . . .	<i>Assistant Business Manager and Secretary</i>
EMMA FAIRES . . . . .	<i>Treasurer</i>
EDWINA GAINES . . . . .	<i>Society Editor</i>
CLARISSA RAGSDALE . . . . .	<i>Literary Editor</i>
KATHRYN BRAZELTON . . . . .	<i>Literary Editor</i>
MRS. C. C. CANNON . . . . .	<i>Faculty Advisor</i>
ANNE ABERNATHY . . . . .	<i>Local Editor</i>
ELLEN SMITHSON . . . . .	<i>Art Editor</i>
MYRTLE McCACKEN . . . . .	<i>Expression Editor</i>
ELIZABETH ABERNATHY . . . . .	<i>Music Editor</i>
MAE CONATSER . . . . .	<i>Athletic Editor</i>
W. T. WYNN . . . . .	<i>Honorary Staff Officer</i>

## Girls of Other Days

### FOREWORD



S the *Martin Box* has been graciously opened, and room made for the "Old Birds" to come in, we accept the courtesy with pleasure and appreciate the opportunity given us to voice our allegiance to our Alma Mater. At no time in her history have we been more loyal, or in keener sympathy with her aspirations, than we are to-day.

As a proof of the loyalty of the "Girls of Other Days," the Alumnae Association was organized in 1891. Our efforts have been to keep alive the college spirit, to manifest interest in the "Girls of the Future," to extend the influence of Martin College beyond her own doors, and to do what we might to promote, improve, and sustain her welfare.

Our particular work at present is to raise a library for the school—the old one having been burned. Our work is growing, if not as rapidly as we wish, and helping hands have been extended from loyal Alumnae as far away as Texas and California.

A "Memorial Room," to be the home of the Alumnae, and in which we hope to place this library, is another goal towards which we are looking with expectant eyes. Each Alumna is invited to have a hand in making this Room, and this Library, to be presented to our Alma Mater, in loving appreciation of her fostering care, and as a testimonial of our interest in her future usefulness.

### OFFICERS OF THE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION, 1915-1916

MRS. MILDRED EZELL REYNOLDS, '74 . . . . .	President
MRS. HAZEL MORRIS SLEDGE, '98 . . . . .	First Vice-President
MRS. LILLIE McGREW WALLACE, '80 . . . . .	Second Vice-President
MISS MARY ELIZA MONTGOMERY, '11 . . . . .	Recording Secretary
MISS LILLIE REID GRIGSBY, '12 . . . . .	Corresponding Secretary
MISS JANIE PORTER, '12 . . . . .	Treasurer

## 1874—Flash Lights—1916

HE first year of Martin College foreshadowed the work of usefulness that was to follow and the graduates of 1874, though only four in number, were girls of character and intellect who carried with them an atmosphere and impress in whatever field it was their lot to enter. And so it has been from year to year, as Martin College has increased her capacity and potent influence and sent out girls who are doing things worth while for this and other communities. However, we can give here only a glimpse of some of these girls.

A member of the first graduating class, 1874, Mrs. MILDRED EZELL REYNOLDS, has always been prominent in the Club life, and has several times been the efficient President of the Alumnae of Martin College, which office she so capably fills at present. At all times she has the deepest interest in the Association and has made an earnest endeavor to make it an uplifting adjunct of the school and community.

\* \* \*

MISS KATIE HARLAN, '75, has been closely identified with the foreign missionary work of the M. E. Church, South, having at one time worked in the foreign field. After her return home, she held a responsible position in the M. E. Publishing House.

\* \* \*

MISS ROSABEL DICKERSON, '76, in addition to her intellectual attainments, is prominent as a woman of wonderful business capacity and foresight. She lives on a large plantation near Lynnville, Tennessee.

\* \* \*

MRS. BOOKER MASON ROSE, '76, is connected in an official capacity with Ward-Belmont College, Nashville.

\* \* \*

The Public School of Pulaski has had many teachers from the Alumnae of Martin College. Among those who have perhaps held positions there longer than any others are: MISS FANNIE ALLISON, '77, MISS LUCY BUFORD, '77, MISS MATTIE ALLISON, '84, and MRS. MYRTLE EZELL CARTER, '83.

\* \* \*

MISS MARY LOU WHITE, '84, has attained a position of prominence in Nashville, Tennessee, in various organizations and literary circles.

\* \* \*

MISS CALLIE DUNCAN, '86, a woman of brilliant attainments, has been very successful as a teacher of Expression, and has held positions in some of the best colleges of the South. She recently held a position in Agnes Scott College, Atlanta, Ga.

\* \* \*

MISS LIZZIE WILKES ROMINE, '86, has achieved much success as a platform lecturer, and is prominently connected with many organizations.

\* \* \*

MISS ETHEL DISMUKES, '88, has accomplished much in her chosen profession, Art, at Biloxi, Mississippi. She has created an artistic atmosphere there, building up her class from the foundation to a large, lucrative one.

\* \* \*

MRS. ROSE FLAUTT WOODWARD, '88, is prominent in all movements for the uplift of the community. Recently in a movement to put a woman on the Board of Education, she was prominently spoken of and most favored by the people at large.

# *The Martin Box*

Nineteen Hundred Sixteen

MISS ANNIE BRANNAN, '90, is the head of all musical affairs at Morrillton, Arkansas. As a music teacher she is very successful and popular.

\* \* \*

MISS ETHEL MOORE, '92, one of the most intellectual of Martin College Alumnae, has charge of a school for girls at Albany, New York, and is meeting with much success.

\* \* \*

MISS MARY PATTERSON, '92, is perhaps more in the limelight than any other Alumna. She is a gifted member of the Ben Greet Players, and behind the footlights is gaining fame and a name for herself.

\* \* \*

MISS CORA R. JONES, '97, of Birmingham, Alabama, has been quite successful in an entirely different line of work from any heretofore mentioned. She gives literary assistance, often writing entire papers for persons belonging to literary clubs, and does journalistic work to some extent.

\* \* \*

MISS TOMMIE ABERNATHY, '90, after graduating at Martin, took a degree at Peabody College, Nashville; Columbia College, New York, and at Leipzig, Germany. She has filled splendid positions in several colleges in the South and is now in Florida.

\* \* \*

Another woman who is at the helm in movements beneficial to the community and womankind is MRS. MARY PHILLIPS CHILDERS, '94. She is the President and moving spirit of the Suffrage League, Pulaski.

MISS SHIRLEY SKILLERN, '90, is teaching Expression at Fayetteville, where she is succeeding. Miss Skillern's ability shows up especially well in the plays she produces with amateurs. She is not only gifted herself, but her art is in getting others to produce something worth while.

\* \* \*

A number of Martin College girls have been successful teachers in the Birmingham schools, among them MISSES MARGERY EZELL, '02, ROBERTA MC LAURINE, '10, MRS. LOCHIE HUDSON HEIDE, '03, MRS. MALLIE BROWN WHITE, and Miss MARTHA EZELL.

\* \* \*

MISS RUTH HUNTER, '11, teaches Piano and Voice in All Saints College, Vicksburg, Mississippi, and Miss LUCILE HUNTER, '13, teaches Expression in the same school.

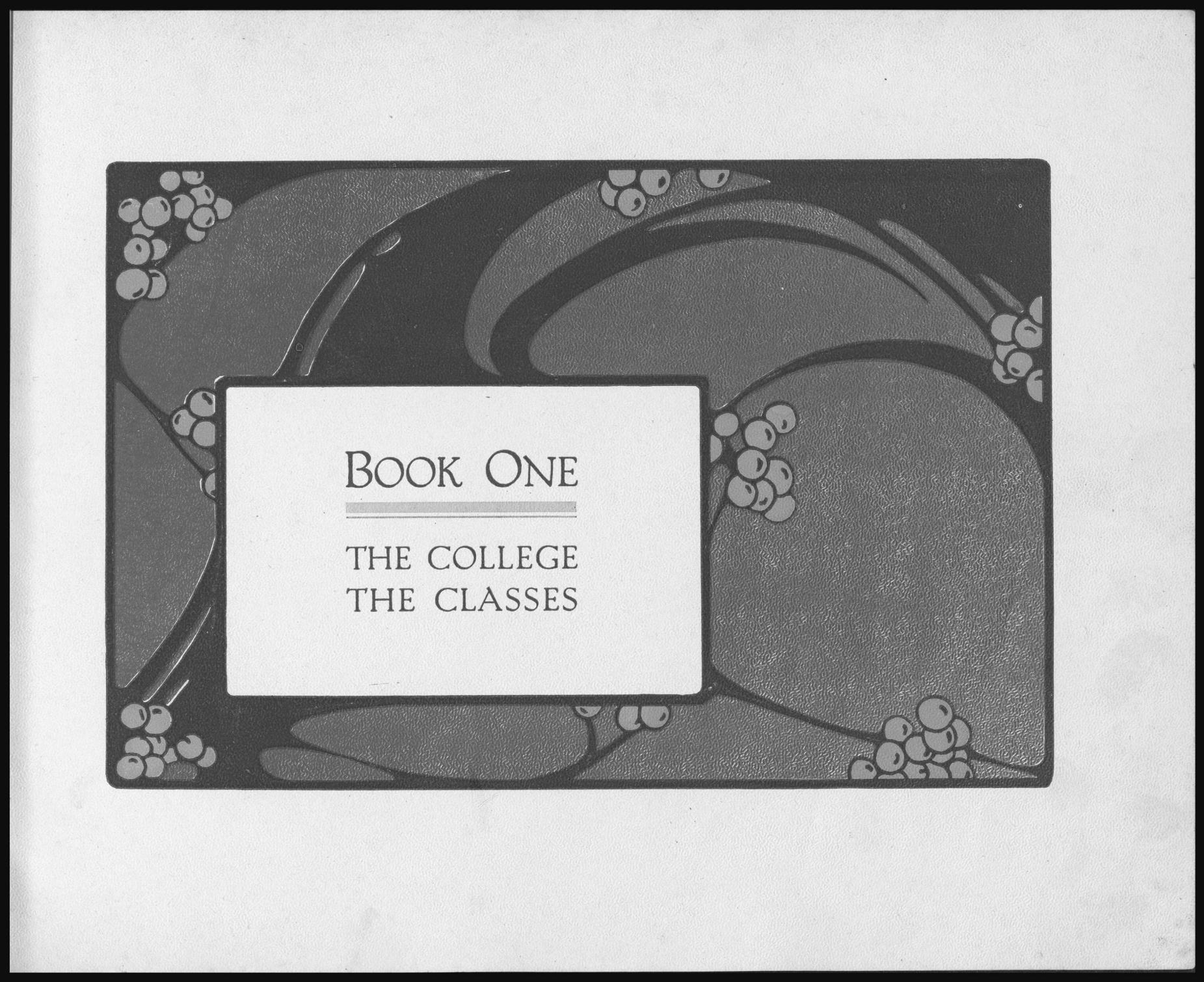
\* \* \*

MISS LUCILE JONES, '11, has for several years held a position in the Public Schools of Chase City, Virginia.

## 1870—JUBILEE—1920

And here's to every "Martin,"  
Where'er you chance to be,  
Remember 1920—

At Pulaski, Tennessee.  
'Twill be the celebration  
Of OUR College Jubilee.



BOOK ONE

---

THE COLLEGE  
THE CLASSES



# CAMPUS VIEWS

*The Martin Box*  
Nineteen Hundred Sixteen

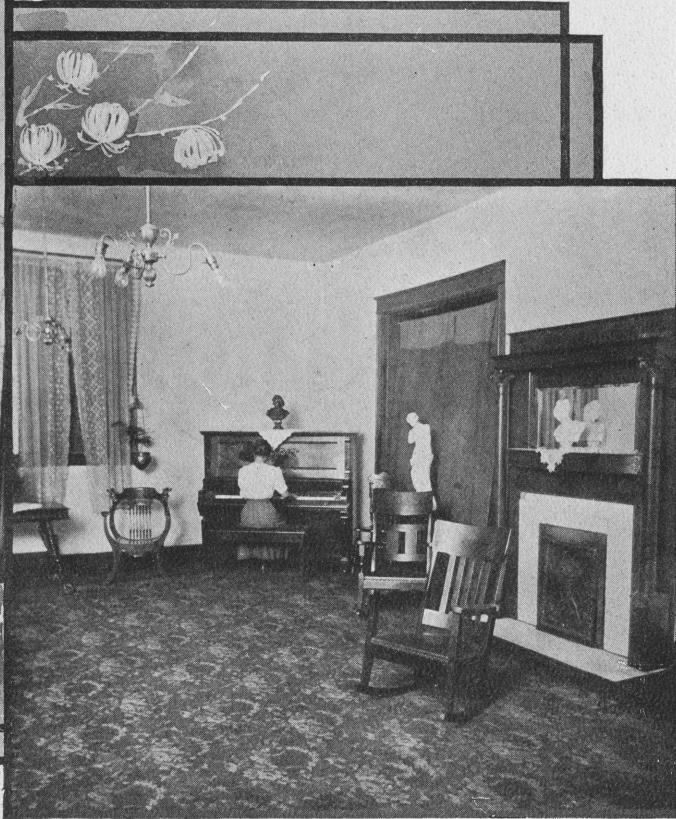


CAMPUS SCENE

*The Martin Box*  
Nineteen Hundred Sixteen



GIRL'S BEDROOM



CORNER OF PARLOR

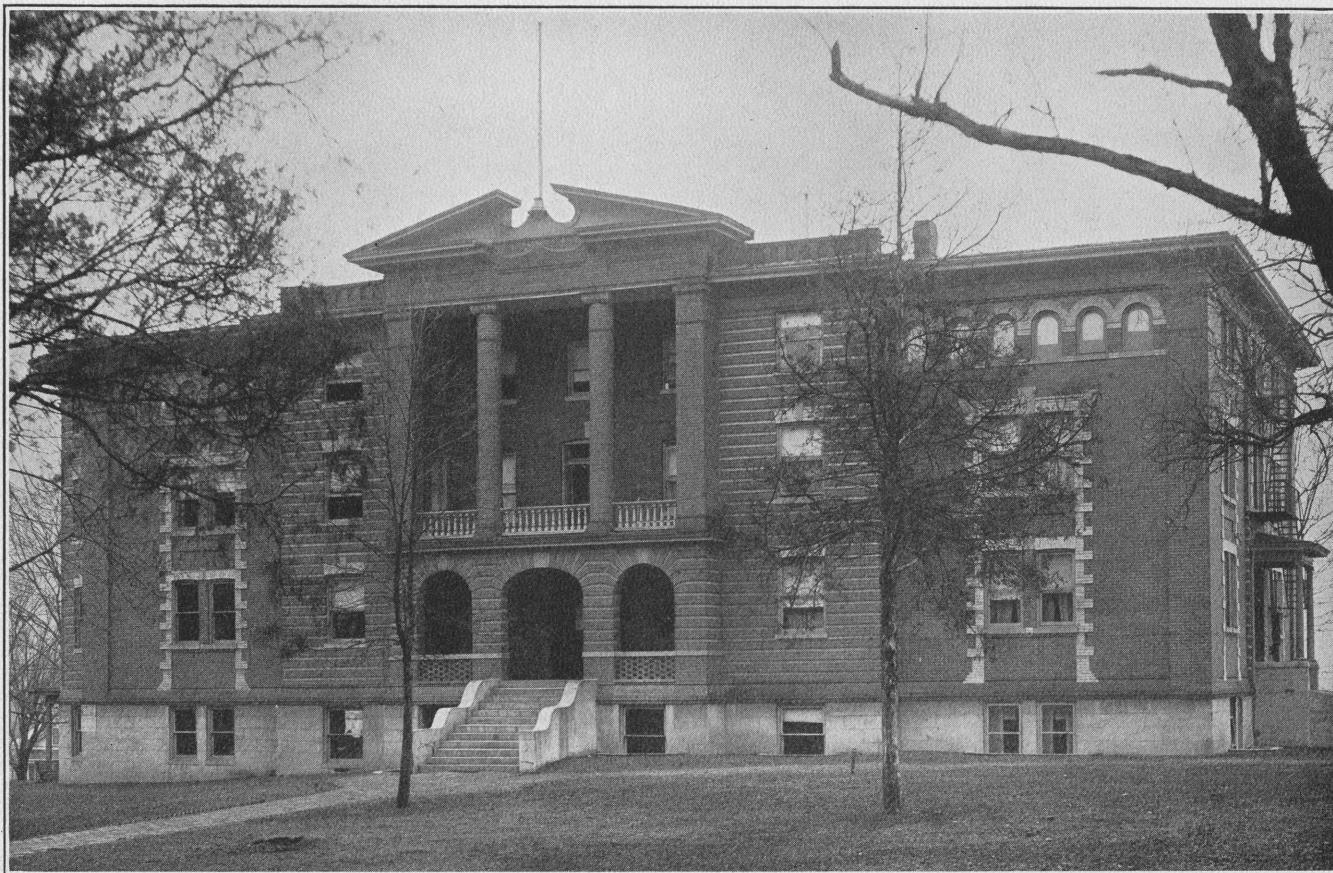
*The Martin Box*

Nineteen Hundred Sixteen



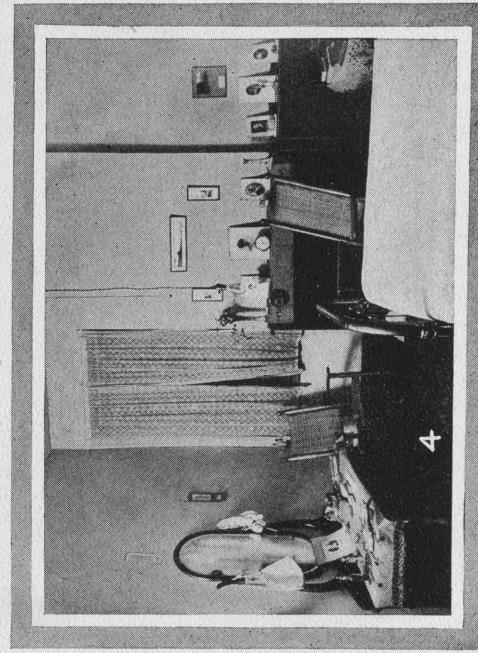
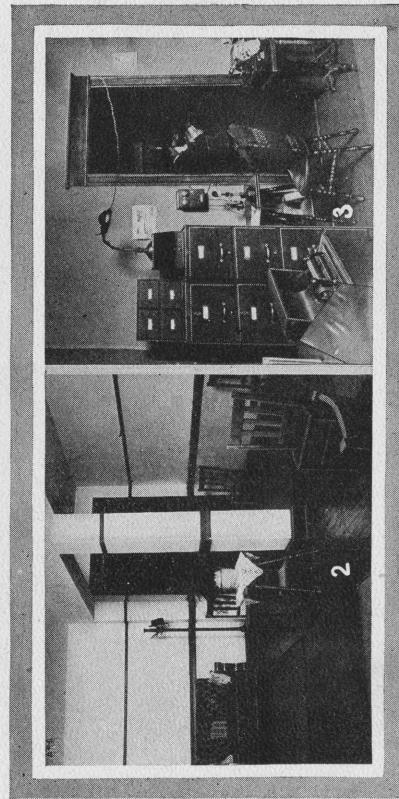
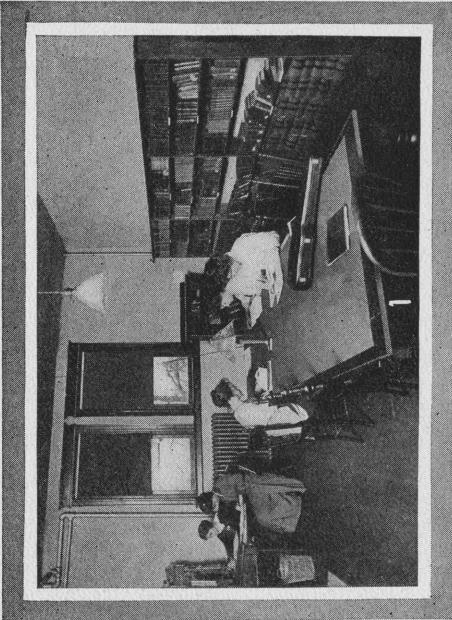
TENNESSEE HALL

*The Martin Box*  
Nineteen Hundred Sixteen



MARTIN HALL

*The Martin Box*  
Nineteen Hundred Sixteen



1. SECTION OF LIBRARY  
2. CORNER OF HALL  
3. OFFICE  
4. BED ROOM

*The Martin Box*  
Nineteen Hundred Sixteen



CORNER OF CAMPUS

*The Martin Box*  
Nineteen Hundred Sixteen



*The Martin Box*  
Nineteen Hundred Sixteen

## Board of Trustees

### OFFICERS

W. F. TILLETT . . . . .	President
F. M. MASSEY . . . . .	Secretary
J. H. RAGSDALE . . . . .	Treasurer

Terms of service expire at dates indicated

### MEMBERS

1916

J. W. CHERRY.....	Fayetteville, Tenn.
J. R. STEWART.....	Nashville, Tenn.
W. J. RUSSELL.....	Williamsport, Tenn.
A. L. KING.....	Pulaski, Tenn.
WILLIAM HUGHES.....	Spring Hill, Tenn.

1917

GEORGE L. BEALE.....	Centreville, Tenn.
T. A. KERLEY.....	Nashville, Tenn.
T. C. RAGSDALE.....	Nashville, Tenn.
W. J. YANCEY.....	Pulaski, Tenn.
F. M. MASSEY.....	Pulaski, Tenn.

1918

G. A. MORGAN.....	Nashville, Tenn.
W. F. TILLETT.....	Nashville, Tenn.
A. B. RANSOM.....	Nashville, Tenn.
J. H. RAGSDALE.....	Pulaski, Tenn.
R. G. PEOPLES.....	Franklin, Tenn.

OCTOBER, 1919

W. B. TAYLOR.....	Nashville, Tenn.
J. J. STOWE.....	Pulaski, Tenn.
E. B. CHAPPELL.....	Nashville, Tenn.
A. A. PATTERSON.....	Henryville, Tenn.
E. J. CHILDERS.....	Pulaski, Tenn.

## In Memory of Thomas E. Daly

*Treasurer of the Martin College Board of Trust*

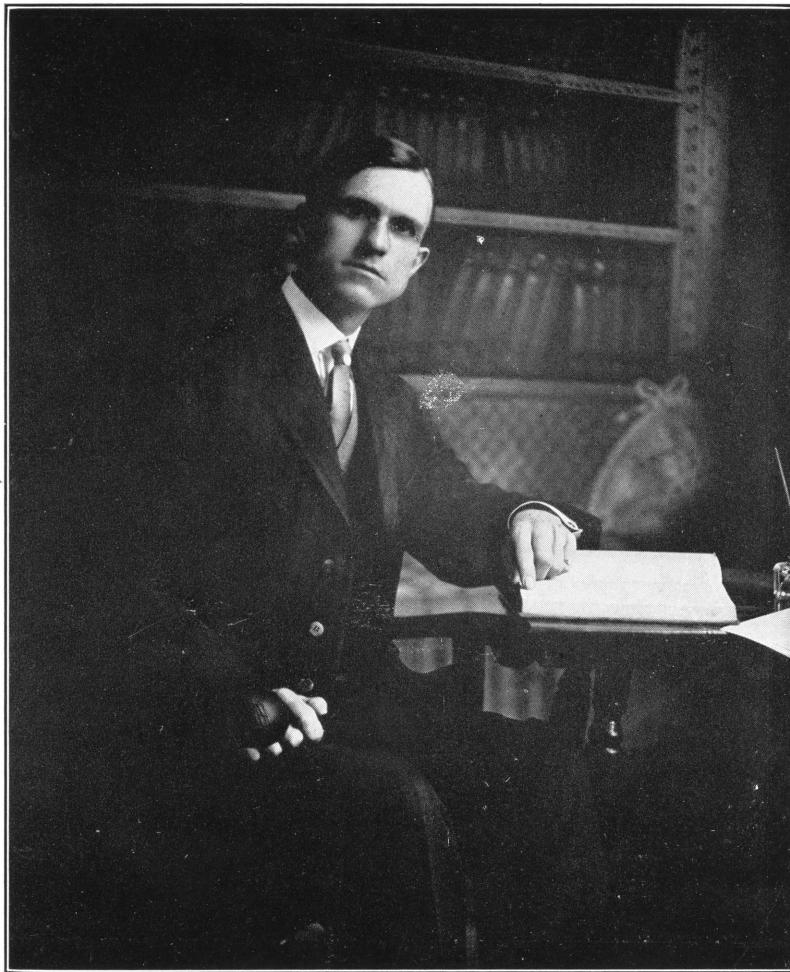
Thomas E. Daly was born near Elkton, Tennessee, in the old Daly Homestead, on March 16, 1859, and was educated in the public schools. He married Miss Georgie Bull. He was a merchant, banker, and mayor of Pulaski, as often as he would accept the office. Such, in brief, is the record of this noble man and churchman who spent his life in Giles County.

Mr. Daly was a true man, a lover of justice, a believer in the supremacy of the law, a friend of every worthy cause that lacked assistance. He stood for the principles of right, for fair play. He was broad and liberal in his views, had charity for all and never lost faith in humanity. It can truthfully be said that Mr. Daly gave his life to the people of Pulaski and Giles County, Tennessee, as truly as ever did any soldier on the field of battle. He had a warm spot in his heart for the rising generation and among his greatest delights was to help the youth of his native county. Mr. Daly "left the door a little wider open for the common boy and girl."

His devotion to Martin College was very noticeable. He often spoke to his friends about the beauty of the girls as they walked by his home. His beautiful life shall bear fruit for many years to come. His career on earth is finished; he has run his race; he has kept the faith, he has fought a good fight and he is reaping his reward in the great beyond.

F. M. MASSEY,  
*Secretary of the Martin College Board of Trust.*

*The Martin Box*  
Nineteen Hundred Sixteen



WILLIAM THOMAS WYNN,  
PRESIDENT OF MARTIN COLLEGE

*The Martin Box*

Nineteen Hundred Sixteen



## Faculty of Instruction 1915-1916

MARY LOAGN BAGBY, B.A. . . . . Latin and French  
Caldwell College; Kentucky State College (B.A.); Graduate  
Student University of Chicago

MIRIAM MAGRUDER DRANE, B.A. . . . . Science  
Randolph-Macon Woman's College; Summer School of the  
South, University of Tennessee (B.A.)

WILLIAM THOMAS WYNN, B.A. . . . . English and Bible  
Emory College (B.A.); University of Chicago; Graduate  
Student Columbia University

THERESA SHERMER, A.M. . . . . Mathematics  
Western Reserve University; Oberlin College, (A.B., A.M.)

ALLEEN EUGENIA POER, B.A. . . . . History and Economics  
Wesleyan College (B.A.); Graduate Student  
Columbia University

CORNELIA CLARK CANNON . . . Commercial Branches and Pedagogy  
St. Louis Central High; Moothart's Business College,  
University of Chicago

HAZEL ALEXANDER TANNER, B.A. . . . . Oratory and English  
Owensboro College (B.A.); Emerson College of  
Oratory (Full Graduate)

LUCILLE TURNER . . . . . Assistant in English and Latin  
Martin College (Post Graduate, two years); George  
Peabody College for Teachers

KATHLEEN KENNEDY, B.A. . . . Assistant in Latin and Mathematics  
Agnes Scott College (B.A.)

MRS. W. T. WYNN . . . . . Principal Home Department

MISS SALLIE SHAPARD . . . . . Principal Primary Department  
Byhalia Female Institute

LUCILLE HERGES . . . . . Assistant Primary Department  
Martin College (Graduate)

JOHN B. GRASSE, F.R.S. . . . . Piano, Organ, Harmony  
Director of Music  
Conservatory of Munich; Lehrer Seminar in Speier

ANGIE TURNER HARWELL, M.E.L. . . . Piano, Theory of Music  
Tennessee Female College; Graduate Pupil of Franz J. Strahm;  
American Institute of Applied Music, New York

PEARL GENEVIEVE COVILLE . . . . . Voice  
Genesee Wesleyan Seminary (Graduate Voice and Piano);  
Syracuse University (Special work, two years)

ADRIENNE SAVEE . . . . . Stringed Instruments  
Fredericksburg College (Graduate in Piano and Violin);  
Peabody Conservatory of Music, Baltimore

LELL GROTE . . . . . Domestic Science and Domestic Art  
Southern University; University of Alabama; Alabama Girls'  
Technical Institute; Columbia University

ALIDA TOWNES . . . . . Art  
School of Art and Applied Design (Nashville); Special pupil  
of Amelia Sprague (New York); and Caroline  
Schaffer (Cincinnati)

OPIE POPE BRENT . . . . . Hostess (*Martin Hall*), Nurse

BARBARA HOOD FERGUSON . . . Seamstress, Hostess (*Tennessee Hall*)

*The Martin Box*  
Nineteen Hundred Sixteen

## Greetings From 1898

The years have been long since we left thee,  
Left with diplomas in hand;  
Yet many's the time we have blessed thee,  
Martin, as we've roamed o'er the land.

Where are the girls that we knew then?  
Have they ever come back to you?  
Wherever they are, I know they send  
A heart-throb, sincere, to you.

A wireless message of love, Martin,  
For the years have deepened their thought,  
And they know the lessons they learned then  
Have helped in the battles they've fought.

How glorious, Martin, it would be to see  
Gathered around thee once more  
Every graduate here to greet thee,  
Back as far as seventy-four.

It would be a grand reunion.  
How happy we would be!  
And the Alumnae Association  
Would ever be blessing thee.

Let's plan for a happy reunion,  
A home-coming time, when  
Your girls throughout the nation  
Will gather here again.

Come, let us reason together;  
This is just the thing to do.  
Let's go back to our Martin  
And pledge our faith anew.

We would feel 'twas good to be there,  
Martin, and how our love'd grow;  
But we would want to see each member,  
Even back to seventy-four.

Then to this Class of Sixteen,  
Remember where'er you go,  
Let thy love for Martin deepen  
And join the Alumnae, so

When you're far away from the fold,  
And others have taken your place,  
You may have your greetings told  
By some of our Martin's race.

HAZEL MORRIS SLEDGE, '98.  
Pulaski, Tenn., January 30, 1916.

## To the Student Body of 1915-1916

*To the Student Body of 1915-16:*

As the President of the Class of 1910, I send greetings and best wishes; that you may always have good books, good friends, and good fortune.

RUTH WORLEY RICHARDSON, '10.

Rogersville, Tenn.

*To the Student Body of 1915-16:*

As the President of the Class of 1911, I wish to tell you that we of the years past feel pride in our Alma Mater, and have every hope and not a single fear that you will carry out in the fullest measure our every ambition for greater Martin College.

MARY ELIZA MONTGOMERY, '11.

Pulaski, Tenn.

## Greetings, Martin College

May thy temple long stand, long enlightened  
and led by thy wonderful hand.

May each sweet girl thy judgment revere, and  
the boys of Massey regard thee with fear.

May you have ambitions, realized, as high  
as a star—

But be prudent; let your head, like a pin's,  
prevent going too far.

I would I were with thee! (a part of the  
time, I'd rather, than trying to write you  
in rhyme.)

But—it is fate to know, to esteem, to part,  
makes up life's tale to many a heart.

I greet thee, Class of Sixteen, with words  
"Be of Good Cheer;"

I hold you in high esteem—you each to me  
are very dear.

Sincerely,

LOUISE HARVILL,  
President of the Senior Class, '15.

To the Student Body, Martin College,  
Pulaski, Tenn., January 26, 1915.

*The Martin Box*

Nineteen Hundred Sixteen



# Collegiate Department



*The Martin Box*  
Nineteen Hundred Sixteen

## Senior Class

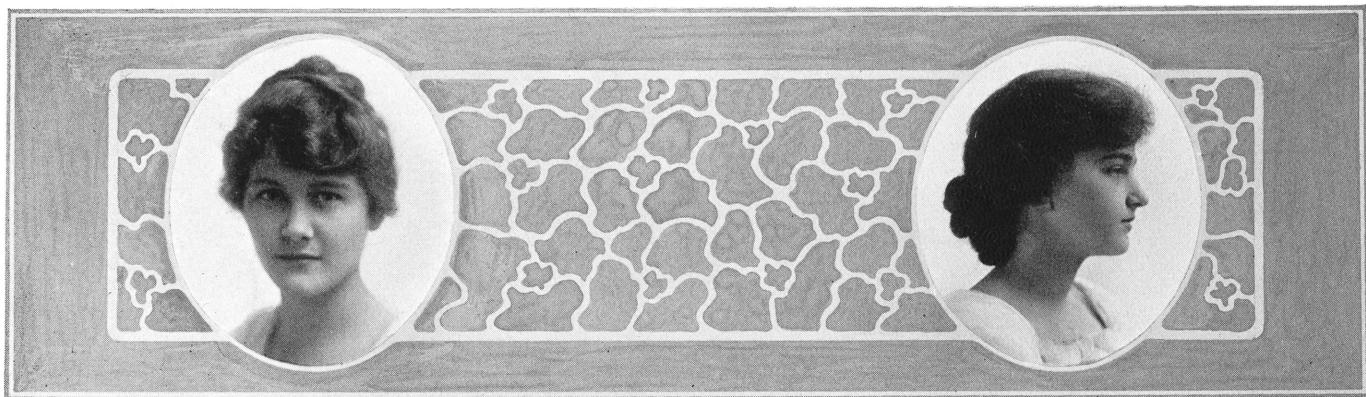
Colors: Black and Gold

Flower: Black-eyed Susan

Motto: Ne donum in te neglegas

### OFFICERS

ANNIE RUTH LEE . . . . .	President
BESSIE LEE KEATHLEY . . . . .	Vice-President
TOM SUTTON . . . . .	Secretary and Treasurer
LYNETTE JONES . . . . .	Poet
ANNE ABERNATHY . . . . .	Historian
EDWINA GAINES . . . . .	Prophet
MRS. CORNELIA CLARK CANNON . . . . .	Sponsor



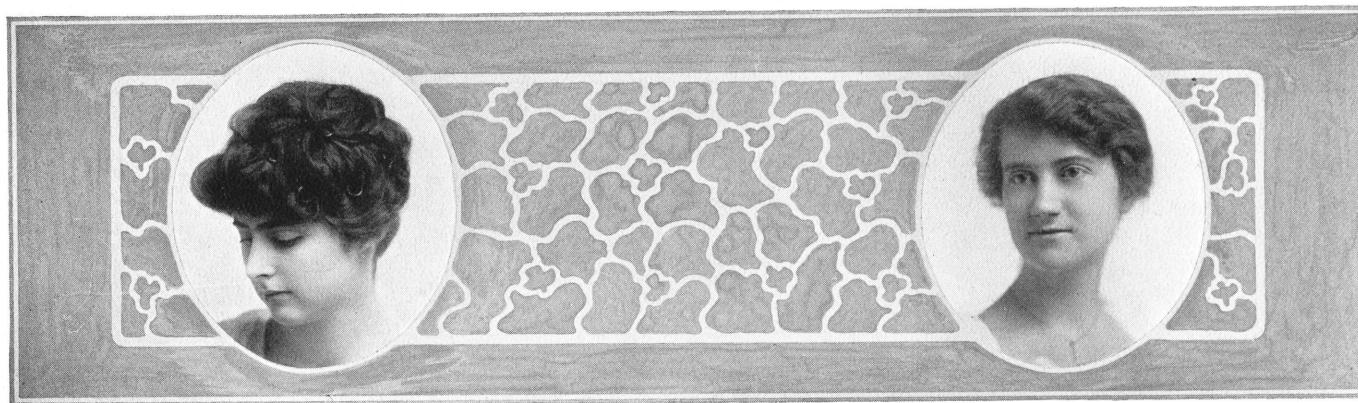
ANNIE RUTH LEE

Annie Ruth is anything but dignified, for her constant prattle makes that adjective impossible; but she is brilliant, and her excellent memory permits her to enjoy life while others are studying. Her curiosity and inclination to gossip distinguish her from other girls.

EDWINA GAINES

From the "Heart of the Cumberlands" hails Edwina. "Not too serious, not too gay, but altogether a pretty good girl." She has been our comrade for two years, and for those two years—well she was here. At first we thought that she was the most timid girl in our class, especially after hearing her "Wait a minute," and "Let me see," but as time went by, we realized that timidity was no characteristic of hers.

*The Martin Box*  
Nineteen Hundred Sixteen

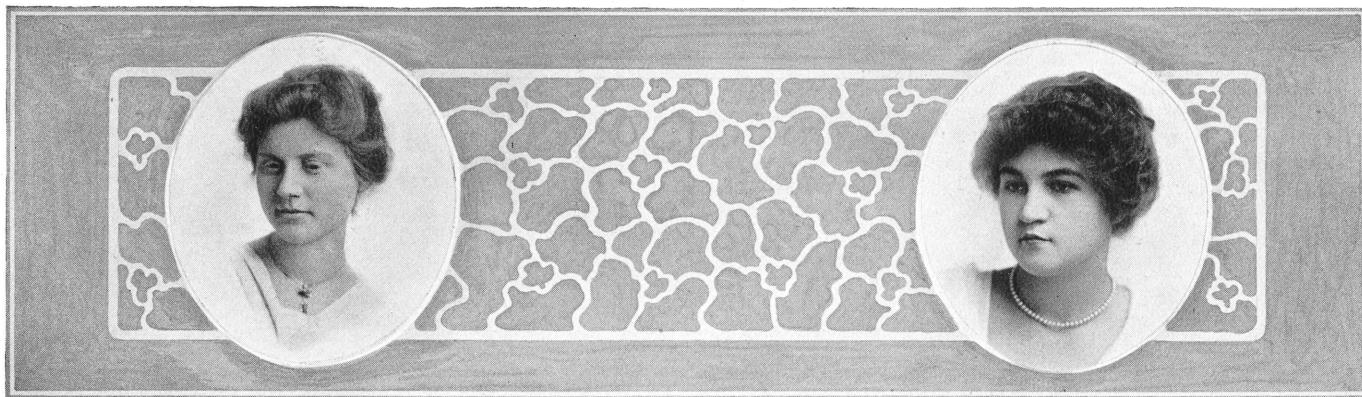


BESSIE LEE KEATHLEY

Bessie Lee is a typical Senior, for she is both serious and dignified. But no one anticipates the coming receptions with more pleasure than she. Her childhood dream was to come to Martin, and as her dream of the past has come true, so may her "modern" dreams become happy realities.

TOM SUTTON

Tom, the song-bird of our class, flew to us from Mt. Pleasant. She is one of the most earnest and business-like girls of the school. Her quick temper, easily appeased, lends the needed spice to an otherwise sweet disposition.



LYNETTE JONES

Lynette believes in an all-round education. She was not content with one diploma from Martin, but labored through another year for a second one. But we do not think that she will obtain a third diploma here, for her heart is on taking a higher course at the University of Chicago.

ANNE ABERNATHY

Anne, not only is she substantial in name, but hers is a personality on which one can rely. She was born in Pulaski, that college town and seat of learning. For five years she has adorned our class, and oh! how can Martin's fame exist without her to be the first on the roll. Although she has always lived in this metropolis, she never tires of "going to town," especially on Tuesdays and Fridays.

# *The Martin Box*

Nineteen Hundred Sixteen



## To My Seniors

If the greatest good in all the world  
I might wish this day for you,  
I'd wish for you a host of friends  
Who'd be loyal, kind and true,  
I'd wish you health, with a share of wealth—  
An abundance of happiness, too.

CORNELIA CLARK CANNON, Senior Class Sponsor

## Senior Class Prophecy

 UST now in looking over my mail I found a note which turned the train of my thought back some twenty years. It was a tiny lavender note scented with violets, written in a feminine hand. It was reminding me that twenty years ago on the twenty-fourth of May, six girls left dear old Martin, each clasping in her hand the merited diploma, and each with a tear of sadness in her eye at the thought of parting; and in my mind I have followed each girl through life.

Today Anne does not worry over drawings in Botany, for she is one of the greatest readers of the day. Thousands of people are moved by her expressive voice and sympathetic rendering of the world's best literature.

Tom has ceased to spell her name T-O-M, for now she is the famous prima donna, Taume Soutonne. Just the other evening while in New York, I listened, entranced, to her sweet, full voice. As I was leaving the theater whom should I meet but Lynette, now the wife of a well-known lawyer of Birmingham. We dined together and talked over the old days at Martin. She told me that Bessie Lee, the member of our class who wore the solitaire and was so peculiarly adverse to queries concerning it, had married a famous pianist and toured the world with him, but after his death had at last given her hand to the proprietor of a large wholesale grocery of Pulaski.

Annie Ruth was not content with two diplomas from Martin, but received several degrees from prominent colleges, and now she is a lawyer, living in Chicago. I hear that she is very successful, especially in pleading domestic cases with her husband, a dignified undertaker.

Mrs. Cannon, our beloved Sponsor, is now President of the greatest woman's college of the South, where she reigns queen of the hearts of girls, just as she did in Martin.

When I think of all of my classmates and of what they have accomplished in this world of big things, I feel proud of the fact that I can call them classmates, but I wonder, as I pen these wandering thoughts, if, when reading my books, they ever think of the one who wrote them, in her simple home.

EDWINA GAINES.

*The Martin Box*  
Nineteen Hundred Sixteen

## Senior Class Poem

Oh, Martin, with your president and faculty so rare,  
It is with great sorrow and grief we leave your tender care,  
    You, who have been so very good and kind to all of us,  
    And have patiently endured all our worries and fuss;  
Have affectionately healed all our troubles and cares,  
And gladly taken an interest in all of our affairs.

We have loved you very devotedly, Oh, Martin, dear,  
During the six short and happy years that we have been here,  
    Altho' our lessons were difficult, we tried to be good,  
    And learn Math, and Botany the best that we could:  
We also had Latin, French, English and History galore,  
But for all these, Oh, Martin, we love you very much more.

Kind sponsor and faculty, our gratitude is yours,  
For all your care and sympathy, which changelessly endures.  
    Dear President, we shall never forget the lessons you've taught:  
    We trust the future may perfect the work your hands have wrought,  
And may they bring good gifts to you, these years that swiftly fly,  
And may you kindly think of those who now bid you "Good-bye."

Now, as we're departing, casting many a look behind,  
We're thinking that no friends so dear as these we'll ever find,  
    Friends so affectionate and true whom we'll always cherish,  
    We'll never forget them nor will memories of them perish,  
And we hope that however far from Martin we pass,  
That you will ever remember the 1916 class.

*Lynette Jones, '16.*



### Junior Class

*Flower:* Chrysanthemum

*Colors:* Yellow and Green

*Motto:* Nihil sed optimum

#### OFFICERS

KATHLEEN TOMKINS . . . . .	President MARY GARNER . . . . .	Historian
ELIZABETH ABERNATHY . . . . .	Vice-President MYRTLE McCACKEN . . . . .	Prophet
NELLE HOLT . . . . .	Secretary REBECCA BYRD . . . . .	Poet
BESSIE CHENAULT . . . . .	Treasurer MRS. HARWELL . . . . .	Sponsor

#### MEMBERS

ELIZABETH ABERNATHY	BESSIE CHENAULT	KATHLEEN TOMKINS
KATHRYN BRAZLETON	MARY GARNER	NELLE TURNER
LURA BRIDGES	NELLE HOLT	MARIE FORMWALT
REBECCA BYRD	MYRTLE McCACKEN	MARGARET GILLIAM
	ELIZABETH RAWLS	

*The Martin Box*

*Nineteen Hundred Sixteen*



FOURTH YEAR CLASS

## Fourth Year Class

Colors: Garnet and Gold

Flower: Chrysanthemum

Motto: What we have to learn to do, we must learn by doing

### OFFICERS

BONNIE CLARA SIMPSON . . . . .	President
CLARISSA RAGSDALE . . . . .	Vice-President
ALMA GARRETT . . . . .	Secretary and Treasurer
MARY GRISSIM . . . . .	Poet
WILLIE FERGUSON . . . . .	Prophet
MISS DRANE . . . . .	Sponsor

### MEMBERS

WILLIE FERGUSON
ALMA GARRETT
MARY GRISSIM
PATTI HARWELL
MARY INGRUM
AILEEN OWEN
CLARISSA RAGSDALE
SARA REED
DEWEY SMITHSON
BONNIE CLARA SIMPSON



## A Prophecy of the Great and Near Great

FOURTH YEAR PREPARATORY

HE other day, while going through my scrapbook, I found some clippings regarding my old classmates of 1915-1916 of Martin.

SEPTEMBER 16, 1925, NEW YORK.

Mrs. Dewy Smithson Schlater has stopped in New York on her famous tour as a dancing teacher. All the city is raving to learn from this world-renowned instructor, whose grace and style of step are unequalled. She will probably remain over longer than she anticipated, on account of the great demand for her services. She has recently made a tour over Europe, where an exquisite ball was given in her honor by the Emperor of Germany. From New York she is planning to go to visit her *Alma Mater*, Martin College, in the City of Pulaski.

PULASKI, TENN., SEPTEMBER 1, 1925.

Martin College opening.

Miss Alma Garrett announces the opening exercises at 11 o'clock on Thursday morning, September 27, 1925, in Wynn Chapel.

The prospects for a great year are unusually good, with anticipated enrollment of eight hundred students. Two new teachers have recently been added to the faculty, Misses Sara Reed and Patti Harwell. Many remember the double

wedding which was to have taken place June 24, 1924, but on account of the injuries to the fiancés, Messrs. R. and G., caused by an unusually hard football game between Vanderbilt and Sewanee, the two young ladies have come to Martin College to teach voice and piano. They have spent several years abroad and will contribute much to the success of the coming year.

CAIRO, EGYPT, SEPTEMBER 5, 1925.

Mrs. Mary Grissam P. has just arrived as a missionary to the poor suffering people of this country. Her husband, Rev. P., comes in a few weeks. They would have sailed together, but business detained him, and Mrs. P. is such a devout Christian worker that she could no longer put off the people. Her whole life has been one of noble effort, beginnig with her great interest in the Y. W. C. A. at Martin College.

PULASKI, TENN., SEPTEMBER 13, 1925.

After studying art for two years in Florence, Italy, and meeting such success, Clarissa Ragsdale has returned to her former home in Pulaski. Upon her return her parents immediately announced her engagement and approaching marriage to Mr. M. This does not come as a surprise, as Miss Ragsdale has ever been very popular in Pulaski society.

*The Martin Box*  
Nineteen Hundred Sixteen

NASHVILLE, TENN., OCTOBER 20, 1925.

This city is very much in an uproar over an incident which occurred last evening. One of the teachers of Ward-Belmont, Miss Bonnie Clara Simpson eloped with Mr. Claud P. of Vanderbilt University. A ladder was found at her window this morning which signified that something of the kind had been undertaken, and further investigation found it to be true.

It will be quite a shock to her parents, as she has ever been quite timid and positively unwilling to converse with men.

COLUMBIA, TENN, APRIL 3, 1925.

Clean-up day in Columbia was recently celebrated in

Columbia with very valuable results to the city. Since the street department has been in the hands of our neat and capable sister townswomen, with Miss Mary Ingram as president, wonderful changes have been made.

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA, JUNE 6, 1926.

Miss Aileen Owen, a famous graduate of Martin College and of the University of Tennessee, has recently been appointed chairman of the Suffrage League of this city. The League will appear in man's attire in their parade scheduled for the Fourth of July.

And so I put my scrap book away, feeling as though Time had turned back his pages and I was once more a "Martin" in the "Martin Box."

Firmly, with elastic tread,  
On to college work we go,  
Unremitting was ours,  
Regal Dignity we show,  
Through the fourth year we've been led,  
Hopes are raised that once were dead.

Yet, we've spent some happy days,  
Even in the fourth year class,  
And in our minds, shall fondly cling,  
Recollections of the past.

Honor, Happiness and Wisdom,  
In the fourth year class we found,  
Great ambitions there were planted,  
Highest motives there abound.

Sincere is our parting sadness,  
Calling us, is Duty's voice,  
Higher fields await our coming,  
On to college we rejoice,  
Only let the bonds we sever,  
Linger in our hearts forever.

*Mary Elizabeth Grissim.*

*The Martin Box*

Nineteen Hundred Sixteen



THIRD YEAR CLASS

## Third Year Class

Colors: Green and White

Flower: White Carnation

### OFFICERS

MARY ROGERS . . . . .	<i>President</i>
MINNIE LEE SHIPP . . . . .	<i>Vice-President</i>
MAGGIE E. LEE . . . . .	<i>Secretary</i>
MAURINE MURRAY . . . . .	<i>Treasurer</i>
MISS TANNER . . . . .	<i>Sponsor</i>

### MEMBERS

NELLE BIRDSONG	MAURINE MURRAY
BESSIE BURKHALTER	LILLIAN POWELL
MATTIE CARTER	BEATRICE ROBERTS
LUCILE DAVIS	MARY ROGERS
ESSIE GRAVES	MINNIE LEE SHIPP
REVIS HARDY	ELLEN SMITHSON
FRANCES HAMPTON	CHRISTINE WILKES
DORA MAI HOLMES	MARY ELLEN WILLIAMS
MAGGIE E. LEE	TALLULAH WOLFE
RUTH MATTHEWS.	ELIZABETH YANCEY

*The Martin Box*  
Nineteen Hundred Sixteen



### Second Year Class

Colors: Cardinal and Gold

Flower: Tulip

Motto: To make the best better

#### OFFICERS

HELENE PHELAN . . . . .	President	VERNA GUTHRIE . . . . .	Secretary	IRENE BURGESS . . . . .	<i>Historian</i>
MARGARET LANNOM . . . . .	Vice-President	ELIZABETH DRAKE . . . . .	Treasurer	VERNA GUTHRIE . . . . .	<i>Prophet</i>
MISS POER . . . . . Sponsor					

#### MEMBERS

MARGARET ALEXANDER	ELIZABETH DRAKE	MILDRED JEAN	LUCILLE MCKEE
OLA ANDERSON	ELIZABETH GARDNER	LOUISE KERSEY	HELENE PHELAN
IRENE BURGESS	MARGARET GREENE	MARGARET LANNOM	REBEKAH PORTER
WILLIE CHAPMAN	VERNA GUTHRIE	REBECCA MAY	CATHERINE STORY
BERTHA COX			NELLE D. WATKINS



### First Year Class

Colors: Pink and White

Flower: Pink Rose

Motto: There's room at the top.

#### OFFICERS

LUCILE WOOD . . . . .	President
MARY LAMBETH RAGSDALE . . . . .	Vice-President
VIRGINIA MAY . . . . .	Treasurer
GEORGIA BROWN . . . . .	Secretary

*The Martin Box*  
Nineteen Hundred Sixteen

## First Year Class

### MEMBERS

EDWINA ABERNATHY

LOUISE ASKEW

HAZEL BETHEL

GEORGIE BROWN

JANICE DAVIS

ANNIE GREEN

ELIZABETH HAMPTON

BEULAH HARRIS

ORLEAN HOLT

CORA HUFF

MARGRET IVY

LUCILE JARRATT

LUCILE WOOD

LILLIE LANGSTON

LUCILE LILES

SUE MALONE MASON

VIRGINIA MAY

GYPSEY OAKES

REBECCA PARKER

JEFFRA PATE

ELIZABETH PEELER

HILDA SUMMERS

IRENE VAUGHN

KATHARINE WADE

LUCILE WOOD

MARY LAMBETH RAGSDALE

MILDRED WILLIAMS

AGNES YATES



### Irregular Class Roll

Colors: Green and White

Motto: Be not simply good, but good for something

Flower: White Carnation

EMMA FAIRES . . . . .	President	MARGUERITE DAVIS . . . . .	Poet
MOLLIE MAE STACY . . . . .	Vice-President	ADELAIDE STEVENSON . . . . .	Prophet
MARYE WOOD . . . . .	Secretary and Treasurer	W. T. WYNN, JR. . . . .	Librarian
MISS GROTE . . . . .		Class Sponsor	

### MEMBERS

MARY JEAN BELL  
ANNIE BRALY  
MAE CONATSER  
WILLIE COBBS  
GLADYS CARMICHAEL  
MARGUERITE DAVIS  
CARRIE DURHAM  
GRACE DENTON

MARY NEAL DONOHO  
MATTIE FAIRES  
EMMA FAIRES  
JESSIE FERGUSON  
WILLIE FORSYTHE  
WILMA GARRET  
MARGARET GREENE  
SARA GREGORY

LILLIAN HALE  
LUZONNE HICKMAN  
NANCY HUGHES  
VALLIE JACKSON  
MARY LOUISE JARVIS  
MILDRED KING  
OLIVE McGEE  
KATIE LILLIAN McCARLEY MARTHA ALLEN SMITH

SADIE STENBECK  
ADELAIDE STEVENSON  
SAM ELLA WALLACE  
MARYE WOOD  
LIZZIE WILLIAMS  
ANNIE WRIGHT  
WILLIAM T. WYNN, JR.

*The Martin Box*  
*Nineteen Hundred Sixteen*



INTERMEDIATE CLASS

## Intermediate Class

Flower: Violet

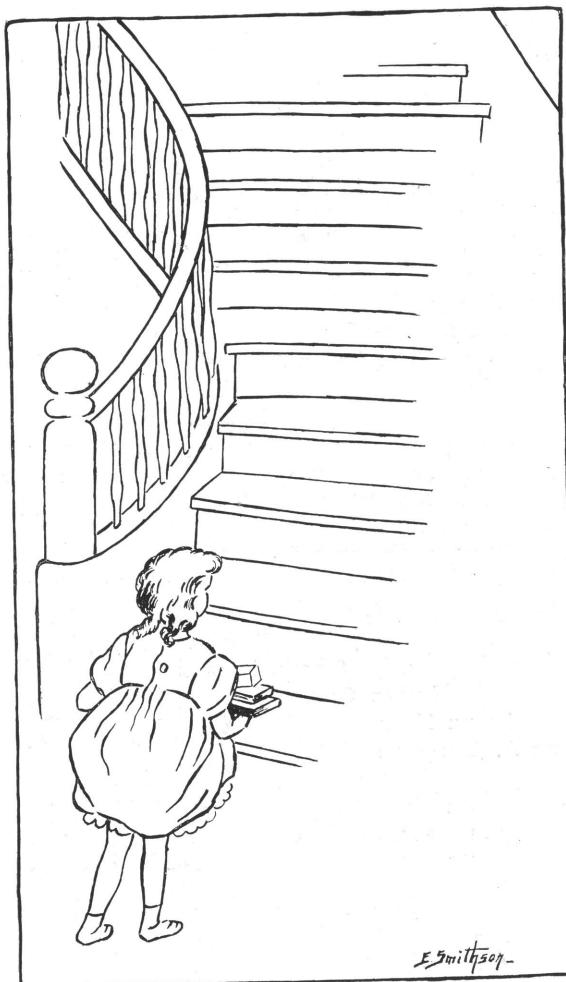
Colors: Purple and White

### OFFICERS

SARA PAULK . . . . . *President*  
HELEN ADKINS . . . . . *Vice-President*  
MARY E. RAYBURN . . . . . *Treasurer*  
EDITH PAISLEY . . . . . *Secretary*  
MISS TURNER,  
Sponsor

### MEMBERS

HELEN ADKINS  
IRENE COOK  
MARY MARGARET DAVIS  
RUBY HARGROVE  
LULA LONG  
BEATRICE PAISLEY  
EDITH PAISLEY  
SARA PAULK  
MARY E. RAYBURN  
ANNIE BRUCE SMITH  
FLORA TODD  
CALLIE WILLIAMS



*The Martin Box*  
*Nineteen Hundred Sixteen*

## Primary Roll

HOMER ADKINS

RUTH ADKINS

MARY LOUISE AYMETT

LILLIAN BUTLER

DOWDEN CANNON

JAMES CHAPMAN

OWEN CALLAHAN

MARY ROBERTS

JOHN BATEMAN McClure

FLORENCE MAY

GEORGE ANNA MEADOWS

MINNA CUNNINGHAM

KATHLEEN DOUD

ROBERTA EVERLY

SAMUEL ESHMAN

LUCILE GARRETT

LOUISE HUFF

JAMES A. JOHNSTONE

JAMES LONG LAMAR

HARRIET MURRAY

LUCY FRY PAISLEY

PATTI POWELL

MILTON POWELL

SARAH POWELL

MARY ROBERTS

JOHN BATEMAN McClure

FLORENCE MAY

GEORGE ANNA MEADOWS

MINNA CUNNINGHAM

KATHLEEN DOUD

ROBERTA EVERLY

SAMUEL ESHMAN

LUCILE GARRETT

LOUISE HUFF

JAMES A. JOHNSTONE

WILLIAM REED SCOTT

MARTHA STOWE

WINFREY WYNN

JOHN D. WAGSTER

MARY WILLIAMS

# BOOK TWO

---

---

MUSIC, ART, EXPRESSION  
DOMESTIC SCIENCE  
COMMERCIAL



### Prof. Grasse's Class Roll

ELIZABETH MASON ABERNATHY

LOUISE ASKEW

ANNIE BRALY

BESSIE CHENAULT

MAE CONATSER

IRENE COOK

LUCILE DAVIS

MARY MARGARET DAVIS

MARY NEAL DONOHO

CARRIE DURHAM

JESSIE FERGUSON

WILLIE FORSYTHE

BESSIE GARDNER

MARGARET GILLIAM

LUCILE JARRATT

LYNETTE JONES

BESSIE LEE KEATHLEY

PEARL McCracken

MARY WILL OLIVER

REBECCA PARKER

MOLLIE MAE STACY

HILDA SUMMERS

MARY ELLEN WILLIAMS

MARYE WOOD

WINFREY WYNN

*The Martin Box*

Nineteen Hundred Sixteen



MRS. HARWELL'S CLASS

## Mrs. Harwell's Piano Class

MARY ASHBY

MARY JEAN BELL

BESSIE BURKHALTER

LUCILE DAVIS

JANICE DAVIS

GRACE DENTON

MATTIE FAIRES

ELIZABETH GARDNER

MARY GRISSIM

ANNIE BAILEY GREEN

VERNA GUTHRIE

MARGARET LANNOM

LILLIAN HALE

PATTI HARWELL

DORA HOLMES

CORA HUFF

MARGARET IVY

VALLIE JACKSON

LUCILE MCKEE

MAURINE MURRAY

HELENE PHELAN

DEWEY SMITHSON

ELLEN SMITHSON

KATHERINE STOREY

SADIE STENBECK

FLORA TODD

ANNIE WRIGHT

*The Martin Box*

Nineteen Hundred Sixteen



MISS SAVEE'S CLASS

## Miss Savee's Class

REVIS HARDY . . . . .	Piano
LUCILE HERIGES . . . . .	Piano
ORLEAN HOLT . . . . .	Piano
MARY LOUISE JARVIS . . . . .	Piano
REBECCA MAY . . . . .	Piano
OLIVE McGEE . . . . .	Piano
JANICE DAVIS . . . . .	Violin
JANIE PORTER . . . . .	Violin
REBEKAH PORTER . . . . .	Violin
GLADYS SMITH . . . . .	Violin
IRENE VAUGHN . . . . .	Violin
JOHN D. WAGSTER . . . . .	Violin
ELIZABETH YANCEY . . . . .	Mandolin
DOWDEN CANNON . . . . .	Mandolin
MIRIAM DRANE . . . . .	Mandolin
JOSEPHINE TURNER . . . . .	Mandolin
HAZEL TANNER . . . . .	Bass Viol

*The Martin Box*  
Nineteen Hundred Sixteen

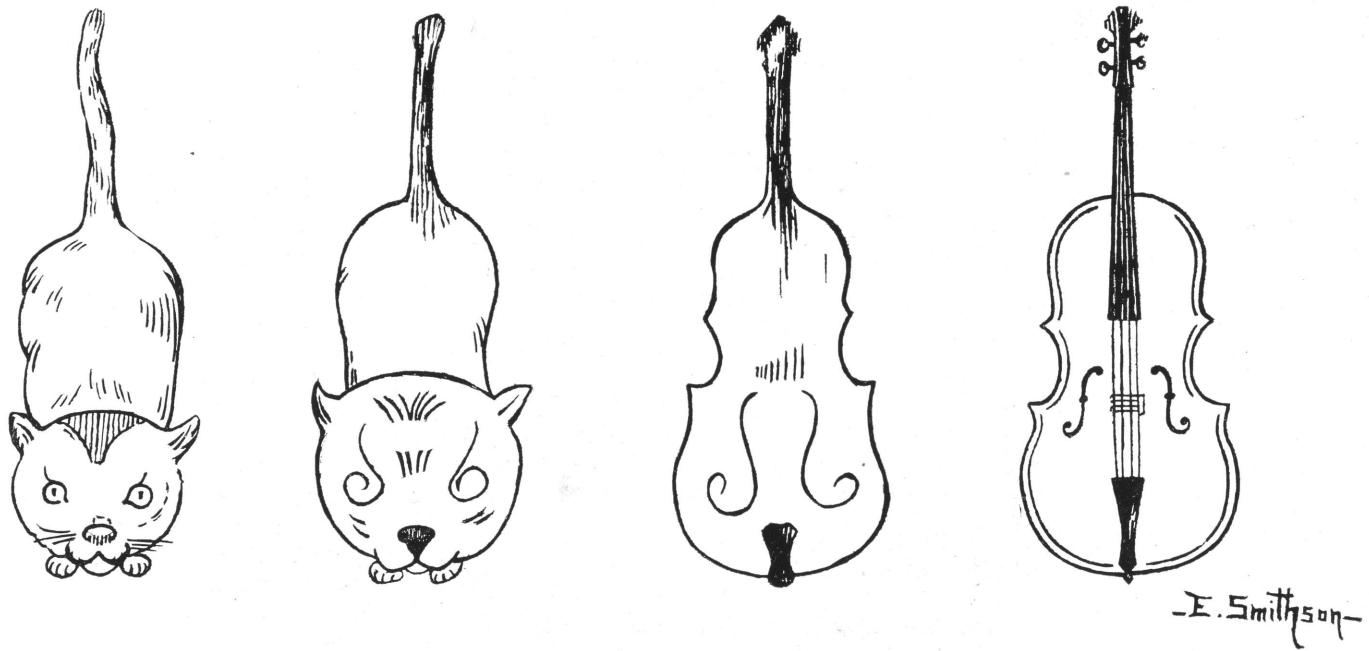


**Beethoven Club**

BESSIE CHENAULT  
MARGARET GILLIAM  
MAE CONATSER

MARYE WOOD  
ANNIE BRALY  
BESSIE LEE KEATHLEY

MOLLIE MAE STACY  
LYNETTE JONES  
JESSIE FERGUSON



# The ancestry of the Violin.

*The Martin Box*  
*Nineteen Hundred Sixteen*



ORCHESTRA



### Cramer Club

MRS. A. T. HARWELL  
PATTI HARWELL  
HELENE PHELAN

ELLEN SMITHSON  
DEWEY SMITHSON  
LUCILE DAVIS

# *The Martin Box*

*Nineteen Hundred Sixteen*



## Chorus Class

MISS COVILLE . . . . . *Director*  
MOLLIE MAI STACY . . . . . *Pianist*

KATHRYN BRAZELTON

EMMA FAIRES

VERNA GUTHRIE

LUCILE HERIGES

LUCILE JARRATT

LYNETTE JONES

MARY ELLEN WILLIAMS

OLIVE McGEE

KATIE LILLIAN McCARLEY

SADIE STENBECK

TOMMYE SUTTON

KATHARINE WADE

NELL D. WATKINS



### Expression Class

Colors: Purple and Gold

Motto: Labor omnia vincit

Flower: Violet

MYRTLE McCACKEN . . . . .

Secretary VERA GUTHRIE . . . . .

President

NELLE BIRDSONG . . . . .

Treasurer

#### MEMBERS

LOUISE ASKEW

ELIZABETH DRAKE

LUZONNE HICKMAN

MYRTLE C. McCACKEN

CATHERINE STORY

NELLE BIRDSONG

MARGARET GREENE

NANCY HUGHES

TALLULAH WOLFE

GEORGIE BROWN

SARA GREGORY

MARGARET IVY

LUCILE MCKEE

MINNA CUNNINGHAM

VERNA GUTHRIE

RUTH MATTHEWS

PATTI POWELL

MARGUERITE DAVIS

FRANCES HAMPTON

REBECCA MAY

GLADYS SMITH

WILLIAM T. WYNNE, JR.

HELENE PHELAN

*The Martin Box*  
Nineteen Hundred Sixteen



Art Class

MISS COVILLE  
CARRIE DURHAM  
ELIZABETH HAMPTON  
FRANCIS HAMPTON

ZELMA KING  
KATHLEEN KENNEDY  
VIRGINIA MAY  
LILLIAN POWELL

MARY ROGERS  
MISS SHERMER  
MISS TANNER  
KATHARINE WADE

*The Martin Box*  
Nineteen Hundred Sixteen



DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLASS

*The Martin Box*  
Nineteen Hundred Sixteen

## Domestic Science Class

MAE CONATSER	EMMA FAIRES	SARAH GREGORY	LUZONNE HICKMAN
IRENE COOK	LOUISE FORGEY	MARY GRISSIM	NANNIE HUGHES
MARGUERITE DAVIS	WILLIE FORSYTHE	LILLIAN HALE	VALLE JACKSON
GRACE DENTON	ESSIE GRAVES	LUCILE HERIGES	LUCILE LILES
KATIE LILLIAN McCARLEY	MARGARET WALLACE	ELIZABETH PEELER	
	ADELAIDE STEVENSON	ANNIE WRIGHT	

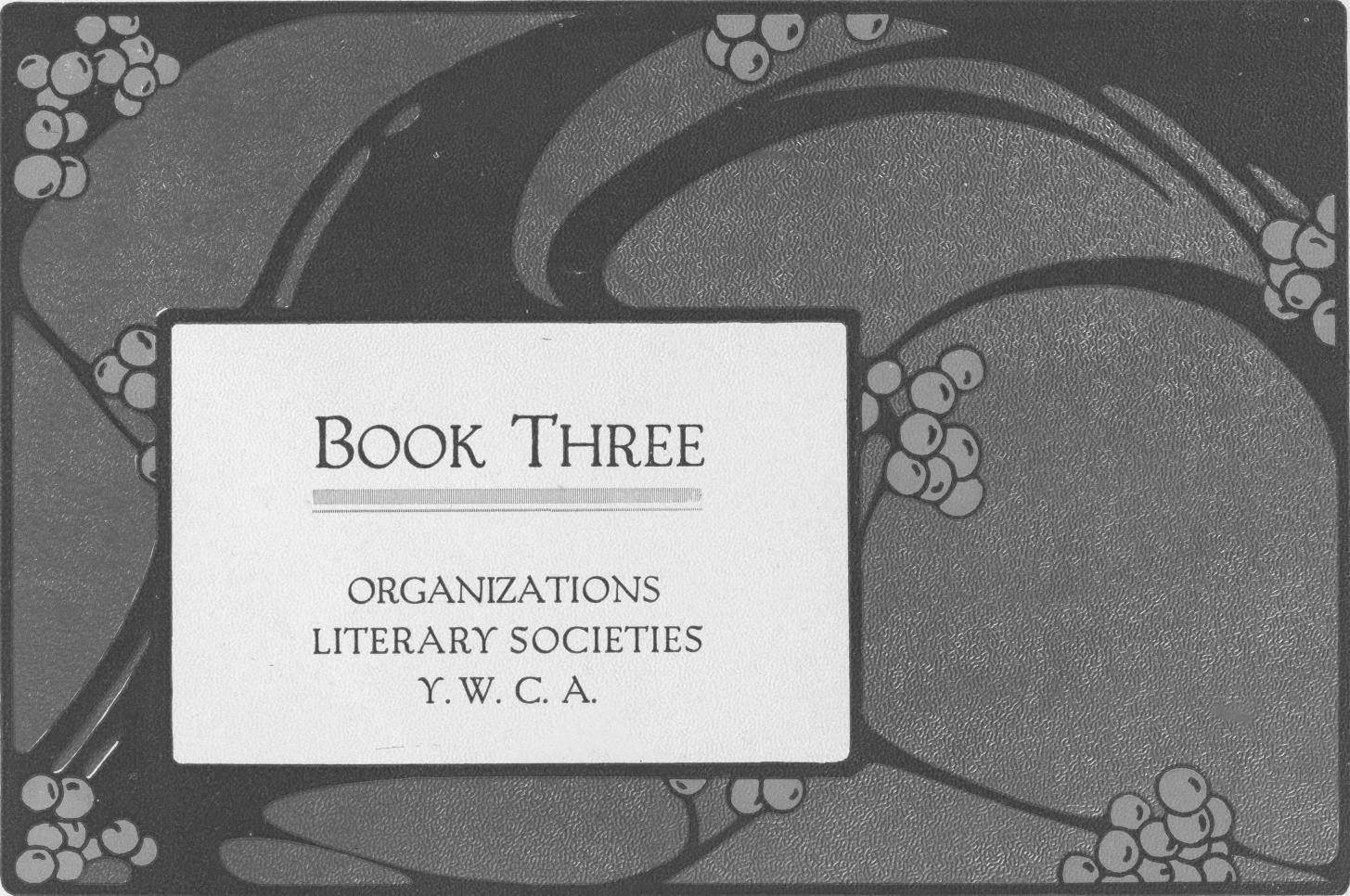
## Domestic Art Class

MAE CONATSER	LOUISE FORGEY	LILLIAN HALE
MARGUERITE DAVIS	WILLIE FORSYTHE	LUCILE HERIGES
GRACE DENTON	ESSIE GRAVES	LUZONNE HICKMAN
EMMA FAIRES	MARY GRISSIM	VALLE JACKSON
LUCILE LILES	ADELAIDE STEVENSON	
KATIE LILLIAN McCARLEY	MARGARET WALLACE	
LOUCILE MCKEE	ANNIE WRIGHT	
ELIZABETH PEELER		

## Commercial Class

*Motto:* Make yourself necessary to the world and mankind will give you bread.

MRS. CANNON . . . . .	President
MRS. SLEDGE . . . . .	Secretary
ALEEN BELL	ESSIE GRAVES
LURA BRIDGES	AILEEN OWEN
WILLIE RUTH CHAPMAN	BONNIE CLARA SIMPSON
MARGARET GILLIAM	MRS. HAZEL M. SLEDGE



# BOOK THREE

---

ORGANIZATIONS  
LITERARY SOCIETIES  
Y. W. C. A.

*The Martin Box*  
Nineteen Hundred Sixteen



*The Martin Box*  
Nineteen Hundred Sixteen



PHI KAPPA

## Phi Kappa Literary Society

### OFFICERS

	FIRST TERM	SECOND TERM
President . . . . .	EDWINA GAINES . . . . .	EDWINA GAINES
Vice-President . . . . .	BESSIE LEE KEATHLEY . . . . .	BESSIE LEE KEATHLEY
Secretary . . . . .	KATHLEEN TOMKINS . . . . .	EMMA FAIRES
Treasurer . . . . .	EMMA FAIRES . . . . .	CLARISSA RAGSDALE
Pianist . . . . .	PATTI HARWELL . . . . .	PATTI HARWELL
Chaplain . . . . .	CARRIE DURHAM . . . . .	MARY GARNER
Critic . . . . .	CATHERINE STORY . . . . .	WILLIE FORSYTHE
Marshal . . . . .	LUCILE DAVIS . . . . .	MARGARET GILLIAM

### MEMBERS

BEATRICE PAISLEY	MARGARET ALEXANDER	ELLEN SMITHSON
EDITH PAISLEY	NELLE BIRDSONG MARY GARNER	CATHERINE STORY
LILLIAN POWELL	ANNE BRALY	TOM SUTTON
HELENE PHELAN	BESSIE BURKHALTER	BONNIE CLARA SIMPSON
REBECKAH PORTER	WILLIE CHAPMAN	NELLE TURNER
	BESSIE CHENAULT	
	MAE CONATSER	
IRENE COOK		DORA HOLMES
WILLIE COBBS		FRANCES HAMPTON
LUCILE DAVIS	CALLIE WILLIAMS	ELIZABETH HAMPTON
MARY MARGARET DAVIS	LUCILE LOYD WOOD	LYNETTE JONES
CARRIE DURHAM	SAM ELLA WALLACE	MARY LOUISE JARVIS
JESSIE FERGUSON	ELIZABETH YANCEY	BESSIE LEE KEATHLEY
WILLIE FERGUSON		MILDRED KING
CLARISSA RAGSDALE	REBECCA MAY	LOUISE KERSEY
MARY LAMBUTH RAGSDALE	MATTIE FAIRES	KATHLEEN TOMKINS
MARY ROGERS	PEARL McCracken	IRENE VAUGHN
BEATRICE ROBERTS	WILLIE FORSYTHE	KATHARINE WADE
MINNIE SHIPP	MYRTLE McCracken	MILDRED WILLIAMS
	LOUISE FORGEY GYPSY OAKES	MARY ELLEN WILLIAMS
	MAURINE MURRAY	

*The Martin Box*  
Nineteen Hundred Sixteen



## Philosophian Society

Colors: Green and White

Motto: Quality, not quantity

Flower: White Carnation

### OFFICERS

#### FIRST TERM

ANNIE RUTH LEE . . . . .  
ANNE ABERNATHY . . . . .  
ELIZABETH ABERNATHY . . . . .  
ADELAIDE STEVENSON . . . . .  
MARYE WOOD . . . . .  
KATHRYN BRAZELTON . . . . .  
RUTH MATTHEWS . . . . .  
SADIE STENBECK AND ELIZABETH RAYBURN . . . . .  
WILMA GARRETT, MATTIE CARTER AND SARA REED . . . . .  
JANICE DAVIS, SARA PAULK, TULLULAH WOLFE  
VALLE JACKSON AND MARYE WOOD . . . . .

President . . . . .  
Vice-President . . . . .  
Secretary . . . . .  
Treasurer . . . . .  
Pianist . . . . .  
Critic . . . . .  
Chaplain . . . . .  
Marshals . . . . .  
Program Committee . . . . .  
Social Committee . . . . .

ANNIE RUTH LEE . . . . .  
SARA REED . . . . .  
KATHRYN BRAZELTON . . . . .  
ADELAIDE STEVENSON . . . . .  
ELIZABETH ABERNATHY . . . . .  
MATTIE CARTER . . . . .  
MAGGIE E. LEE . . . . .  
VIRGINIA MAY . . . . .  
TALLULAH WOLFE, MARY WOOD, REVIS HARDY  
EDWINA ABERNATHY, SUE MALONE MASON,  
AILEEN OWENS AND LURA BRIDGES

### MEMBERS

ANNE ABERNATHY  
ELIZABETH M. ABERNATHY  
EDWINA ABERNATHY  
LURA BRIDGES  
KATHRYN BRAZELTON  
MATTIE CARTER  
JANICE DAVIS  
ALMA GARRETT  
WILMA GARRETT  
REVIS HARDY  
ORLEAN HOLT  
MARY INGRAM  
VALLE JACKSON  
LILLIAN LANGSTON

ANNIE RUTH LEE  
MAGGIE E. LEE  
SUE MALONE MASON  
VIRGINIA MAY  
ELIZABETH RAYBURN  
RUTH MATTHEWS  
AILEEN OWENS  
SARA PAULK  
SARA REED  
MARTHA ALLEN SMITH  
SADIE STENBECK  
ADELAIDE STEVENSON  
MARYE WOOD  
LIZZIE WILLIAMS  
ANNIE WRIGHT

*The Martin Box*  
Nineteen Hundred Sixteen



AELIOLIAN SOCIETY

## Aeliolian Society

*Motto:* Be satisfied with nothing but the best

### OFFICERS

MARGUERITE DAVIS . . . . .	President
MOLLIE MAY STACY . . . . .	Vice-President
NELL HOLT . . . . .	Secretary
MARIE FORMWALT . . . . .	Treasurer
NELL D. WATKINS . . . . .	Critic
MOLLIE MAY STACY . . . . .	Pianist
LOUISE ASKEW . . . . .	Chaplain
JANIE PRICE . . . . .	Marshal

### MEMBERS

OLA ANDERSON	ELIZABETH GARDNER	LUCILE JARRATT	JANIE PRICE
LOUISE ASKEW	ANNIE GREEN	MILDRED JEAN	RUBY PRICE
MARY HELEN ADKINS	MARGARET GREEN	MARGARET LANNOM	ANNIE BRUCE SMITH
GEORGIA BROWN	SARAH GREGORY	HATTIE LONG	GLADYS SMITH
IRENE BURGESS	VERNA GUTHRIE	LULA LONG	DEWEY SMITHSON
REBECCA BYRD	LILLIAN HALE	LUCILE LILES	MOLLIE MAY STACY
BERTHA COX	RUBY HARGROVE	KATE McCARLEY	HILDA SUMMERS
GLADYS CARMICHAEL	BEULAH HARRIS	ELIZABETH McDONNELL	NELL D. WATKINS
MARGUERITE DAVIS	LUZONNE HICKMAN	OLLINE McGEE	CHRISTINE WILKES
GRACE DENTON	NELL HOLT	LUCILE MCKEE	ALICE WILKINSON
MARY NEAL DONOHO	NANCY HUGHES	REBECCA PARKER	ELIZABETH RAWLS
ELIZABETH DRAKE	CORA HUFF	ELIZABETH PEELER	FLORA TODD
MARIE FORMWALT	MARGARET IVY	JEFFRA PATE	AGNES YATES

*The Martin Box*  
*Nineteen Hundred Sixteen*



Y. W. C. A. CABINET

## Young Women's Christian Association

### CABINET

MAE CONATSER . . . . .	President
EMMA FAIRES . . . . .	Vice-President
MYRTLE McCracken . . . . .	Secretary
BONNIE SIMPSON . . . . .	Treasurer
Mrs. CORNELIA C. CANNON . . . . .	Faculty Advisor
PEARL McCracken . . . . .	Chairman of Room Committee
BONNIE C. SIMPSON . . . . .	Chairman of Finance Committee
MYRTLE McCracken . . . . .	Chairman of Association News Committee
EDWINA GAINES . . . . .	Chairman of Social Committee

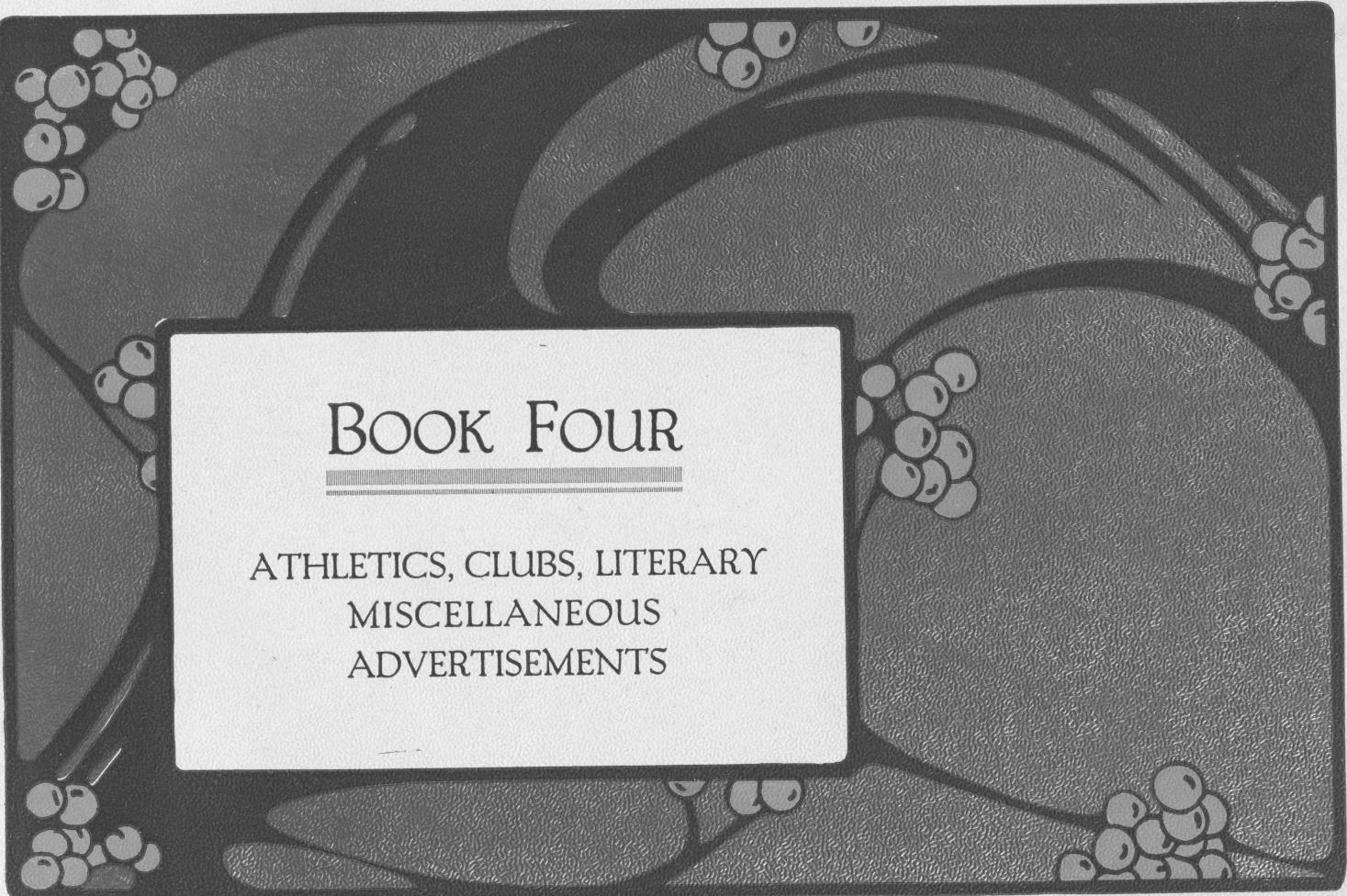
### ROLL

ELIZABETH ABERNATHY	MISS DRANE	LUZONNE HICKMAN	BONNIE CLARA SIMPSON
OLA ANDERSON	EVELYN EDWARDS	ORLEAN HOLT	GLADYS SMITH
LOUISE ASKEW	EMMA FAIRES	BESSIE LEE KEATHLEY	ANNIE BRUCE SMITH
MISS BAGBY	MATTIE FAIRES	RUTH MATTHEWS	MARTHA ALLEN SMITH
MARY JEAN BELL	MARIE FORMWALT	MYRTLE McCracken	ELLEN SMITHSON
MISS BRENT	WILLIE FORSYTHE	PEARL McCracken	DEWEY SMITHSON
KATHRYN BRAZELTON	EDWINA GAINES	ELIZABETH McDONNELL	SADIE STENBECK
LURA BRIDGES	ELIZABETH GARDNER	OLIVE McGEE	ADELAIDE STEVENSON
GEORGIA BROWN	MARGARET GILLIAM	LUCILE MCKEE	TON SUTTON
BESSIE BURKHALTER	ESSIE GRAVES	HELENE PHELAN	MISS TANNER
REBECCA BYRD	SARAH GREGORY	MISS POER	FLORA TODD
MRS. CANNON	MISS GROTE	JANIE PRICE	MISS TURNER
BESSIE CHENAULT	VERNA GUTHRIE	RUBY PRICE	MARY ELLEN WILLIAMS
MAE CONATSER	LILLIAN HALE	ELIZABETH RAWLS	CHRISTINE WILKES
MISS COVILLE	RUBY HARGROVE	SARA REED	TALLULAH WOLFE
LUCILE DAVIS	MRS. HARWELL	MARY ROGERS	MARYE WOOD
GRACE DENTON	PATTI HARWELL	MISS SHERRER	IRENE VAUGHN
ELIZABETH DRAKE	MISS HERIGES	MINNIE SHIPP	AGNES YATES

*The Martin Box*  
*Nineteen Hundred Sixteen*



Y. W. C. A.



## BOOK FOUR

---

---

ATHLETICS, CLUBS, LITERARY  
MISCELLANEOUS  
ADVERTISEMENTS



*The Martin Box*  
Nineteen Hundred Sixteen



SECOND YEAR BASKETBALL TEAM

## Second Year Basketball Team

	HELENE PHELAN . . . . .	<i>Captain</i>
	GUTHRIE . . . . .	<i>Center</i>
	LANNOM . . . . .	<i>Center</i>
	BURGESS . . . . .	<i>Guard</i>
McKEE	. . . . .	<i>Guard</i>
Cox	. . . . .	<i>Guard</i>
PARKER	. . . . .	<i>Guard</i>
	ANDERSON . . . . .	<i>Goal Thrower</i>
	DRAKE . . . . .	<i>Goal Thrower</i>
	YATES . . . . .	<i>Goal Thrower</i>
	WATKINS . . . . .	<i>Goal Thrower</i>

*The Martin Box*  
*Nineteen Hundred Sixteen*



Irregular Basketball Team

MAE CONATSER . . . . .	Captain and Guard	GRACE DENTON . . . . .	Forward
WILLIE FORSYTHE . . . . .	Guard	EMMA FAIRES . . . . .	Substitute
ADELAIDE STEVENSON . . . . .	Center	GLADYS SMITH . . . . .	Substitute
LILLIAN HALE . . . . .	Forward	KATIE LILLIAN McCARLEY . . . . .	Substitute

## Tennis

EDWINA ABERNATHY  
ELIZABETH ABERNATHY MARY LOUISE JARVIS  
ANNIE BRALY LUCILE JARRATT  
KATHRYN BRAZELTON MARGARET LANNOM  
LURA BRIDGES SUE MALONE MASON  
IRENE BURGESS MYRTLE McCACKEN  
BESSIE BURKHALTER PEARL McCACKEN  
REBECCA BYRD LUCILE McKEE  
DOWDEN CANNON HELENE PHELAN  
MATTIE CARTER JANIE PRICE  
MAE CONATSER RUBY PRICE  
LUCILE DAVIS ELIZABETH RAWLS  
ELIZABETH DRAKE SARAH REED  
EMMA FAIRES MARY ROGERS  
LOUISE FORGEY GLADYS SMITH  
WILLIE FORSYTHE DEWEY SMITHSON  
EDWINA GAINES ELLEN SMITHSON  
MARGARET GREEN MOLLIE MAY STACY  
VERNA GUTHRIE ADELAIDE STEVENSON  
PATTIE HARWELL LUCILE TURNER  
LUZONNE HICKMAN IRENE VAUGHN  
MARGARET IVY KATHARINE WADE  
WILLIAM T. WYNN, JR.

*The Martin Box*  
Nineteen Hundred Sixteen



R. B. C. Club

Meeting Place: Cell 46, "Tenn." Hall

Pastime: Eating

Motto: Us four and no more

LILLIAN HALE . . . . .  
GRACE DENTON . . . . .

"Dixie"  
"Trixie"

KATIE LILLIAN McCARLEY . . . . .  
ELIZABETH PEELER . . . . .

"Kittie"  
"Diddey"



### B. B. B. Club

*Motto:* Be sure you have landed safely in bed

	NICKNAME	FAVORITE EXPRESSION
SADIE STENBECK . . . . .	"Dear" . . . . .	"Good Hec."
KATHARINE WADE . . . . .	"Kat" . . . . .	"Well, I can't help it."
MATTIE CARTER . . . . .	"Matsy" . . . . .	"Grand."
REBECCA PARKER . . . . .	"Beck" . . . . .	"This is the way to do it"

# *The Martin Box*

Nineteen Hundred Sixteen



## M. A. M. Clan

*Motto:* Catch all you can

LUCILE JARRATT . . . . .	"Snookums" . . . . .	"Oh passion!" . . . . .	"A dishwasher"
NELL D. WATKINS . . . . .	"Mutt" . . . . .	"I want a Ring" . . . . .	"Catcher of Bees-ly's"
BERTHA COX . . . . .	"Tootsie" . . . . .	"Shivers!" . . . . .	"Capturer of Hink"
LUCILE LILES . . . . .	"Pet" . . . . .	"Scoot Kid!" . . . . .	"A Cat Tamer"
MARIE FORMWALT . . . . .	"Torment" . . . . .	"Go to and stay put" . . . . .	"Old Maid School Teacher"



### Sextette

MARY NEAL DONOHO  
MARY GRISSIM

EDWINA GAINES  
MARY ROGERS

MOLLIE MAE STACY  
KATHLEEN TOMKINS

*The Martin Box*  
Nineteen Hundred Sixteen

## Alabama Club

MRS. W. T. WYNN  
MRS. BARBARA FERGUSON  
MISS LELL GROTE

EMMA FAIRES  
WILLIAM WYNN

JESSIE FERGUSON  
WILLIE FERGUSON  
ELIZABETH RAWLS

REBECCA BYRD  
MATTIE FAIRES  
WINFREY WYNN

FLORA TODD  
ANNIE BRALY  
EVELYN EDWARDS

EDWINA ABERNATHY  
ELIZABETH MASON ABERNATHY  
EMMA FAIRES  
MATTIE FAIRES  
JESSIE FERGUSON

WILLIE FERGUSON  
ALMA GARRETT  
WILMA GARRETT  
ANNIE GREENE  
MARGARET GREENE

ANNIE R. LEE  
MAGGIE E. LEE  
MYRTLE McCracken  
PEARL McCracken  
JANIE PRICE

RUBY PRICE  
CLARISSA RAGSDALE  
MARY LAMBETH RAGSDALE  
LUCILE WOOD  
MARYE WOOD

## Lawrence County G. P. F. Club

*Motto:* Remember who you are,  
where you're from and what  
you represent.

*Flower:* Bachelor Buttons

WILLIE FORSYTHE  
ANNIE BAILEY GREENE

MARY GARNER  
MARGARET WILLIAMS GREENE

MARGARET GILLIAM  
HELENE PHELAN

## A Drama

### THE LITTLE SCHOOL TEACHER

From

"LORAINE"

A Story in the 1915 Martin Box

BY MOLLIE MAE STACY

#### CHARACTERS

LORAINE

ROBERT WESTON

DAVID STRONG

MRS. STRONG (Mother of David)

THE POSTMAN

#### ACT I—SCENE I

Well-furnished library of a modern home. Loraine is seated before a bookcase assorting books.

*Loraine*—I'm just crazy to get started. When I applied for a school I said I didn't care where it was, just so I could teach, and I think they have taken me at my word; for the name of the place surely sounds forsaken. "Lonesome," isn't that a peculiar name? I rather like it, though.

(Enter Robert Weston.)

*Robert*—You see I am on time. I promised to come at

five, and it is just that time now (looking at watch). Loraine, I will miss you dreadfully while you are gone, but you will write to me, won't you?

*Loraine*—Of course, I'll write you, Bob, and you must write to me and tell me all about the things happening at home, and about your practice, and I'll write you all about my school and—

*Bob* (interrupting)—Oh, hang the school! I don't care for it. I don't love the school, but I do care for you. Try to love me, Loraine, even a hundredth as much as I love you, won't you?

*Loraine* (softly)—I'll try, Bob.

#### SCENE II

A small room in a little country home. Only two windows in the room. One is covered with roses, which peep through the broken windowpanes. The other is open, giving a glimpse of the valley below and the distant mountains.

# The Martin Box

Nineteen Hundred Sixteen

Enter Loraine with David, who is carrying her suit case.

*David*—You are the new teacher, I believe. Well, I'm David Strong, and this is my home (enter Mrs. Strong), and my mother. (Exit David.)

*Mrs. Strong*—(Takes Loraine in her arms and kisses her.) Honey, I'm so glad you come. I was afraid when they told me I was to board the new teacher that she'd be some stiff, educated old maid; but you don't look a bit that-a-way.

*Lorraine*—Thank you, Mrs. Strong; and I want to tell you that I'm glad I have such a nice place to board. I just know I shall love it.

*Mrs. S.*—Well, I'm going to try to make you happy while you are with us. But I'm sure you want to rest a little, so I'll go and prepare dinner. (Exit.) (Curtain.)

## SCENE III

In a kitchen. David and Mother are seated.  
(Mrs. Strong is paring potatoes.)

*Mrs. S.*—Ain't she the sweetest thing, Son?

*David*—(Silent.)

*Mrs. S.*—I say, ain't she the sweetest thing?

*David*—(Hesitatingly) Yes.

*Mrs. S.*—Why, what's the matter, boy? You don't say it like you mean it. Don't you like her? You looked at her like you could most eat her up.

*David*—(Embarrassed) Aw, I didn't look that way, did I, Mother? (Picking up a bucket) I'm going after some water. (Exit.)

*Mrs. S.*—What on earth can be ailing that boy? He jest while ago brought enough water to do all day.

(Enter Loraine.)

*Lorraine*—Can I do anything to help you? (Picks up a large apron and puts it on.)

*Mrs. S.*—Lawsy, no, honey; you mustn't do that. I'm use to doing it, and I don't mind.

*Lorraine*—But I get lonesome by myself, and then, anyway, I love to pare potatoes. (Sits down and picks up a knife and begins to help Mrs. S.)

*Mrs. S.*—Well, then, if you jest insist, I guess I can't keep you from helping me.

(Enter David. Puts water on table, looks at Lorraine, sighs, then goes out.)

*Lorraine*—(Does not see David.) Tell me something of my school, Mrs. Strong. Tell me where it is and how far I'll have to walk, and just most anything you think would be interesting for me to know.

*Mrs. S.*—Well, I don't know so much about it, because, you know, I am old, and David ain't been there in so long that I don't visit it as often as I use to. The building is situated about a mile from our house, but you won't have to walk, because David will jest be more than glad to take you in the buggy every morning.

*Lorraine*—Thank you, Mrs. Strong; but I don't like to put your son to any trouble, and, anyway, I think it would just be loads of fun to walk.

*Mrs. S.*—I'm sure it wouldn't be any trouble at all to David. In fact, I think he would kinder like it. (Looks up at Loraine and smiles. Loraine smiles, too.)

*The Martin Box*  
Nineteen Hundred Sixteen

*Lorraine*—Aren't you sure these will be enough potatoes? I'll take them and put them on the stove, then I can say I helped cook. (Takes the pan of potatoes and puts them on the stove.)

*Mrs. S.*—Well, now, if you will tend to the dinner for jest a few minutes, I'll run out in the yard and get something pretty and show you.

*Lorraine*—All right. (Exit *Mrs. Strong*.) I'm always anxious to look at pretty things, especially if it is something that Mother Nature has to deal with.

(Re-enter *Mrs. Strong*.)

*Mrs. S.*—You can't guess what I have. (Hiding a rose behind her.)

*Lorraine*—(Peeping around her.) Yes, I can; it is a rose. Please let me see it.

*Mrs. S.*—Now, ain't this pretty? It is almost perfect. It's hard for me to tell which I'm more thankful for, my roses or my boy. But let me tell you what David has done. His father died when he was quite young, and nobody was left to support me but just him. He worked hard and saved enough money to go through college without asking me for a cent. After he received his degree he came back here to the mountains and to me, and he was made superintendent of a large lumber company, and he also owns this farm. Now, since you know this, which would you guess I was more thankful for?

*Lorraine*—For your son, of course. He surely deserves credit for what he has done.

*Mrs. S.*—It seems like I could talk all day about him, but it is now time for dinner. Suppose you go find David, and I will meet you in the dinin' room.

(Exit *Lorraine*.) (Curtain.)

ACT II—SCENE I

On the porch of *Mrs. Strong's* house. Time, 7 o'clock. *David*, *Mrs. Strong* and *Lorraine* are seated.

*David*—(To *Lorraine*.) How would the little schoolma'am like to plan her year's work?

*Lorraine*—Just fine. I am really more interested in my work than most anything. I know I shall just love to teach. Tell me, how many pupils will I have?

*David*—Well, I guess you will have about thirty-five or forty. Don't you think that would be as many as you could manage?

*Mrs. S.*—I think it would, for we don't want you to work too hard.

*Lorraine*—There won't be any danger of me working too hard, and I know I will get along so well and love every one of my pupils.

*Mrs. S.*—Yes, I'm sure you will, too, and I jest know they will love you, for they couldn't help it.

*Lorraine*—Thank you, *Mrs. Strong*. I shall try to win every little heart. I shouldn't think it would be very pleasant to have any of them dislike me. I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I will go home Christmas, of course, but I think I would like to spend a month next summer with you after school is out. (Laughing.) Do you think you could stand me?

# *The Martin Box*

Nineteen Hundred Sixteen

*David*—Of course, we could. You just stay and see.

*Mrs. S.*—Yes, do stay, for you would be so much company for me.

*David*—And me, too; I must not be left out.

*Mrs. S.*—Well, it is getting rather late, and I guess we had better all go in and go to bed. (To *Lorraine*.) Your school begins at eight. What time must I call you?

*Lorraine*—Call me at six, because I want to get to school early in order to arrange everything.

*David*—And don't forget that I'm to take you.

*Lorraine*—I'll remember. And, now, good-night. Pleasant dreams to both of you.

(Curtain.)

## SCENE II

Same as Act I, Scene II. *Lorraine* is seated on the floor before the window, looking toward the valley below. The room is dimly lighted by the moonlight.

*Lorraine*—Yes, it has only been a day since I saw Bob, but it seems months, yes, years. I really believe he loves me, and I know I love him. I well remember when we first became sweethearts. We were only children, but, then, sometimes children know. We have now grown to manhood and womanhood, and the love which filled our hearts when children still lingers and grows deeper and deeper. I wonder if it would really have been better for me to have married Bob when he first came home from school, as he wanted me to. And this morning as we drove up the mountain together we talked of our near future. But, no. I shall stay

up here and teach for at least two years, and during that time he will build up his practice, and then, yes, and then. But why sit here and dream? It is growing late, and I must be going to bed. Good-night, bright stars, and may I, while in the midst of sleep, dream of the one I love.

(Curtain.)

## ACT III—SCENE I

(In a rose arbor. *Lorraine* is seated on a bench.)

*Lorraine*—A year has passed, and I am still teaching in the little school in the mountains. I love my work and my pupils, and nothing can make me leave them. Many things have happened since I first came. Robert's promised letters have not been coming as often as they once did; I have not seen him in seven months, nor even heard from him in five. When he first became careless and indifferent it grieved me, but now—and I can give no reason for it—it doesn't worry me at all. Of course, I wonder why he hasn't written, but I am so happy here with Mrs. Strong and her roses that it doesn't bother me. But listen! I hear footsteps approaching. (Looks down the road.) Oh, it is the postman waving a letter. I wonder what he has in store for me.

(Enter postman, gives *Lorraine* a letter, then exit. She opens it and reads the contents. Enter *David*. *Lorraine*, not seeing him, finishes her letter, then lets pages fall to the ground and lays her head over on her arms on the back of the bench.)

*The Martin Box*  
Nineteen Hundred Sixteen

*David*—What's the matter, little schoolma'am?

*Lorraine*—(Raising her head.) I'm not crying, David; I was just thinking. Where is my letter? I want you to read it.

(*David gathers up the scattered sheets of stationery and hands them to Loraine.*)

*Lorraine*—Please read it, David.

*David*—(Reading.) "Dear Loraine: A fellow might as well 'fess up' and take his scolding, I guess. What would you say should you receive a letter from me telling you that I was married? Well, this is the letter, and I am the guy. Do you remember that I wrote you of meeting a girl by the name of Wortham? Well, she consented to have me, and I am as happy as a lark. We want you to visit us this summer if you can manage to leave the 'backwoods' long enough, but we'll write about that later. Give my best regards to all the little 'Woodsers.' Your old friend, BOB."

(To *Lorraine*.) Well, little woman (as he gives her back her letter), what do you think of this fellow, and the flippant way in which he tells you of his marriage?

*Lorraine*—I think it is just like Bob. He's a good old fellow, but he has always been that way. I am glad he is happy, and I'm glad I'm not the other girl. (*David laughs.*) Don't laugh, David, 'cause I'm serious. I used to think I loved Bob, but I would not marry him, because I wasn't sure. I am glad I didn't. He did not know how to sympathize with me in my love for the mountains, or he wouldn't have said what he did in this letter about my dear little pupils. But there's no need of me telling you all this, David; I just want to talk to someone about it, and no one seems to sympathize with me and understand as you do.

*David*—(Earnestly.) Oh, I'm so glad you think so. I thought you loved this other man. Now that you have said that you do not, please listen to me. I've loved you, I think, ever since I first saw you; but I thought it was my lot to wait and see you marry Robert. Oh, Loraine! dear little schoolma'am, won't you love me? Look at me and tell me so.

*Lorraine*—Look in my eyes, and there you will find the answer.

(Curtain.)

## His Image

In every fleecy cloud and azure sky,  
I see the face of Him who gives us life,  
In every singing bird I hear the voice,  
Of Jesus, amidst the turmoil of earth's strife.

In every little gayly-tinted flower,  
That grows beside the energetic brook,  
There breathes the Creator's infinite powers,  
And in its lovely face I see His look.

In every leafy bough and fruitful shrub,  
That lends its presence to the lonely wood,  
In every byway wherein Nature thrives,  
I recognize the truth, "That God is good."

From the quiet, unobtrusive little brooklet  
To the turbulent and ever-rushing sea,  
I can see His face, so grand and yet so gentle,  
And He, through Nature, seems to speak to me.

The very stars that cheer the lonely midnight,  
The midday sun that beams forth, strong and bright,  
Reflect the living image of their Maker,  
Who gives, to all who seek, eternal light.

But the wonder, that to me appears the greatest,  
When I view His power and grandeur in so much,  
Is, that man, who should portray a perfect likeness,  
Often shows the least, the Master's magic touch.

*Tullulah Wolfe.*

As I gaze upon the snowy mountain summit,  
As I wander in the valley down below,  
I marvel at the various forms and features,  
And the power of the One who made them so.

When man ventured into deeper hidden Mysteries,  
He discovered precious mineral hidden in the sod,  
O, the happy thought, that we should be the creatures,  
Of an infinite and omnipresent God.

## Jean

BY EDWINA GAINES

HE snow began to fall more swiftly. The drifts were piling up about the house so that the snow covered the broken pane in the window. Jean placed another log upon the fire, that she might have more light.

"Jean," came a weak call from the bed in the corner. "Yes, Daddy," the girl answered as she knelt by the bed, taking the withered hand in her own. "What is it, Daddy, are you cold?"

"No, my child, I am not cold now, but soon this old body will be very cold. Now, don't cry, little girl, but listen to what I have to say to you." A dreadful fit of coughing interrupted him, but he soon continued.

"Do you remember your mother, Jean?"

"Why, no, Daddy," answered the girl wonderingly. "You know you are my mother and Daddy both. I never saw my mother. Why do you ask?"

"Because, my child, every one should know of her mother. Her memory should hover as a guardian angel over the head of every girl. Jean, you look like your mother. She was just your height; you have her black hair and large brown eyes. Jean, do you know you are beautiful?"

"Go on, Daddy, tell me more. How old was my

mother when you married her?" The old man's face became clouded.

"That is what I was going to tell you, but give me time. Your mother was not my wife. I have never been married. You are not my child. Your mother was coming through the mountains in a large car, just at this time of year, and just this sort of weather, eighteen years ago. The snow was deep and the chauffeur reckless. The car ran off a cliff and they were both killed. I was young then; I had been to a spelling bee down at the old mill. I saw the accident, and called a doctor, but it was too late. I saw that they were buried, but as I came back by the car I heard a faint cry; I looked, and there I found you wrapped in fur. I brought you home with me. Your mother wore a miniature—I suppose it was of your father, but I don't see why he let your beautiful mother travel alone with her little babe. I tried to find out who your mother was, but Jean, little girl, I was glad I could not, for I wanted to keep you. I was reckless as the other mountain boys before you came. Then I awakened to the responsibility which was mine. I began to read books at night after my work, till I no longer used the careless brogue of the mountaineers. I bought books so that you would not grow up in ignorance; I have tried, little girl, to make up for you the luxuries you have

## *The Martin Box*

Nineteen Hundred Sixteen

been deprived of by living in these mountains with me."

"Daddy, dear," interrupted the girl, crying, "you have been dear to me. I love you better than I could ever have loved any one. Oh, Daddy, I love these mountains; I love their wildness, their picturesque beauty; I am glad I have been reared where I can breathe.

"Little girl, there's something else I have to say to you. I don't know how to say it, but, Jean, don't marry any of these rough mountain boys; there's only one who is worthy of you; you know that I mean Lawrence Hunt. He showed the stuff he was made of when he worked his way through the university and was not content to live in ignorance as these other boys. But, Jean" (his voice was becoming weak), "Jean, get the miniature."

Jean started toward the trunk, but was arrested by the deep breathing of the old man.

"Jean," he whispered.

"Yes, Daddy," but he did not answer her. His noble heart had ceased its beating and his lips were still.

"Oh, Daddy!" the girl screamed and fell on her knees with her arms around the old man.

The next morning when some of the woodmen stopped in to inquire about old Jim, they found the girl motionless, pillowng the white head of the old man on her breast.

"Old Jim's give up the ghost," one of them remarked; "go down to the mill and see if you can get a coffin, Pete."

One of the men left the room, the others fixed up the fire and busied themselves preparing for the burial. But Jean could endure it no longer. She went out into the little kitchen where she could be alone to mourn her dead.

The strong mountaineers worked fast. The coffin came

and everything was made ready for the burial. The preacher asked for Jean. An old woman said she would go find her, but a strong, young man stepped up and said, "No, I will go for Jean."

The woman drew back, a knowing and tender look in her eyes. "Go on, Lawrence, me boy, and may the good Lord bless ye," she said.

Lawrence passed into the kitchen and had started outside when he heard a sob over by the window. Softly he stepped to the side of the girl.

"Jean, my girl, brace up, come go with me," he said tenderly.

The girl looked up into his strong, manly face. "Go where?" she asked in a dazed manner.

"To the end of the world," Lawrence thought, but he said, "In yonder!" Slowly she followed him into the room crowded with people. In the mountains everyone puts on his Sunday clothes and goes to a funeral, so the small room was crowded with rough, unshaven men, each in his one store suit and women in checked calico. The children are always brought along, too, so they hid in the corners and behind their mothers' skirts, their eyes wide open with wonder. Someone had laid a sprig of holly on the cheap, black coffin, in front of which stood the minister with the Bible in his hand. Into this group Lawrence led the girl, and stood by her during the trying ceremony, as if in answer to the dead man's wish.

. . . .  
Six months have passed since old Jim left Jean alone in the little cabin in the mountains. There is no fire in the large, open fireplace, but the doors and windows are open

*The Martin Box*  
Nineteen Hundred Sixteen

and the house is filled with the sweet aroma of the wild flowers and the songs of mountain birds. From the front door one can see down the path arbored with red bud and dogwood blossoms, to the winding mountain road. A horse is hitched to a tree by the side of the road and he greedily crops the wild grass at his feet. At the window one stands enchanted by the view. Across a short strip of yard covered with wild flowers is a cliff, and in the distance is a dark blue line indicating the opposite mountain range. Between the two is the peaceful valley, basking in the sunlight. Within the cottage old Martha, the woman who now lives with Jean and helps with the work, is busy with her baking. Several times she has stopped her work and looked out the door. The last time she shook her head and muttered: "That horse is still here; looks like that boy never knows when to leave. But when folks is in love the time do fly; I jest wish he'd get up the nerve to ask her." Probably the old woman's wish was the spur that pricked the boy to action. Anyway, he "asked her." And as the sun went down behind the mountain, Jean and Lawrence sat by the spring in the ravine below the cliff. They did not talk, their hearts were too full for speech, for when two people have promised each other undying love there is no need for words.

"Jean," said Lawrence, suddenly, "I had forgotten to tell you the good news I received last night. It was a letter from some man in Chicago who had seen some of my work and wanted to know if I would draw up the plans for a hospital. I've never tried anything so big before and I never dreamed, when I left the university, of becoming an architect. But I wrote him that I would do the work for

him and I would either go to Chicago or meet him elsewhere to discuss the plans."

"Oh, Lawrence," answered the girl, looking at him with worshipping eyes. "I am so glad, so proud of you."

Two weeks later Jean was out in the yard, wearing a blue gingham dress and a blue sunbonnet, busily working with her flowers, when Lawrence slipped softly up behind her. "Mary, Mary, quite contrary, how does your garden grow?" he sang teasingly. Jean greeted him with a happy smile.

"You had better ask how the weeds grow," she answered as she removed her soiled gloves.

"Jean, I have a surprise for you," Lawrence said, abruptly.

"Oh, is it about the hospital man?"

"Yes, Jean, he is coming to-day to see about the plans."

Later in the afternoon Jean sat anxiously waiting for Lawrence to return from the interview with the Chicago man. As she sat on the porch, covered with honeysuckles, the simple white dress with the miniature of her father at her throat made her beauty more womanly and enhancing. She was sewing on her wedding dress of dainty white organdie. As she worked she did not see the two figures coming up the path until they were almost upon the porch. When she saw them she arose and quickly put away her sewing, blushing deeply. She started towards them with outstretched hand, when suddenly she stopped as still as death, the crimson faded from her face, leaving it as pale as marble. Both men stopped and looked at her as she stood before them like some frightened nymph. Finally Lawrence spoke, "Jean," he said, "this is Mr. Travers, the

## *The Martin Box*

*Nineteen Hundred Sixteen*

gentleman for whom I am to draw up the plans. Mr. Travers, meet Miss Shannon."

"I am very glad to meet you, Miss Shannon," the man replied, extending his hand. Jean did not notice the hand, quickly she turned to Lawrence.

"Oh, Lawrence, don't you see, he is the same man whose miniature I wear; don't you see?" she cried in a strained voice. Then Lawrence noticed for the first time the resemblance. It was dark when the two men started to leave. They had spent hours solving the mystery of Jean's life. She told them all that old Jim had told her and Mr. Travers told how his wife and baby girl had been lost somewhere in the Alleghany Mountains and he had never been able to find them or any information concerning them. As they

left Jean planted a kiss upon the forehead of each. "My newly found father, and my husband to be," she said, tenderly. A few weeks later there was a quiet but beautiful wedding in the little mountain cottage. No one was present to wish the couple happiness save Mr. Travers, old Martha, and the minister. Wishing, however, was useless for anyone could tell that theirs was to be a life full of bright prospects and ripe opportunities. In each heart burned the flame of ambition, and Jean's beautiful face was lighted with the fire of love in her heart, and Lawrence's boyish face was bright with the happiness which shone from his blue eyes. So when they had solemnly plighted their faith they sealed the vow with a kiss full of the love made pure and noble by their life in the mountains.



## A Page With the Pessimist

### THE PESSIMIST

"Nothing to do but work,  
Nothing to eat but food,  
Nothing to wear but clothes  
To keep one from going nude.

Nothing to breathe but air,  
Quick as a flash 'tis gone;  
Nowhere to fall but off,  
Nowhere to stand but on.

Nothing to comb but hair,  
Nowhere to sleep but in bed,  
Nothing to weep but tears,  
Nothing to bury but dead.

Nothing to sing but songs;  
Ah, well, alas! alack!  
Nowhere to go but out,  
Nowhere to come but back.

Nothing to see but sights,  
Nothing to quench but thirst,  
Nothing to have but what we've got,  
Thus through life we're cursed.

Nothing to strike but a gait:  
Everything moves that goes  
Nothing at all but common sense,  
Can ever withstand these woes."

*Anon.*

### SOME PESSIMISTIC REMARKS HEARD IN THE MARTIN'S NEST

"I am not long for this world."—WILLIE FERGUSON.

"They've just got it in for me anyway!"—FRANCIS HAMPTON.

"If I live through to-morrow, I will be doing well."—NELL

#### BIRDSONG.

"If I don't hear from Mama (?) I'll die."—McCARLEY.

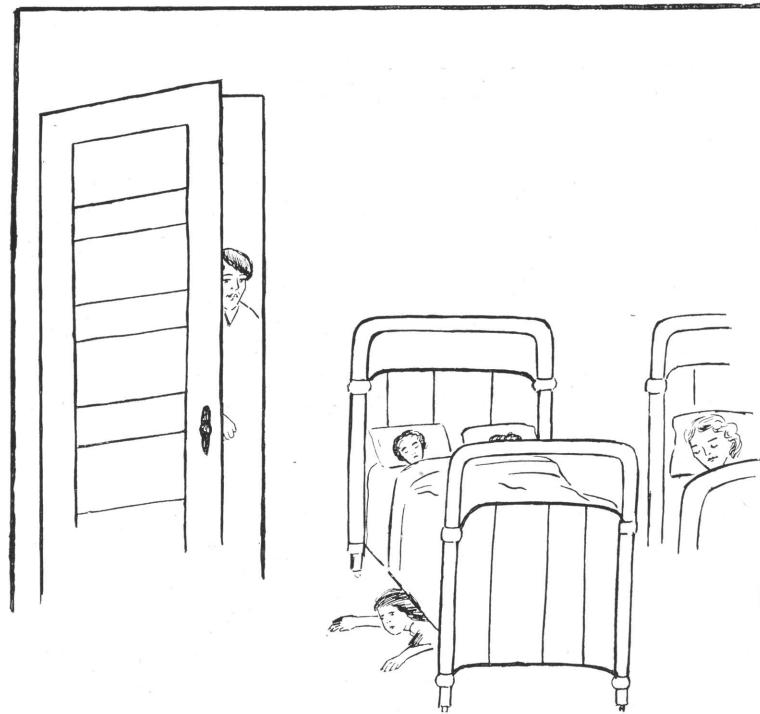
"This world and then fireworks."—EMMA FAIRES.

"I am so mad I could die."—SARA REED.

"Well, what will happen next!"—MARY ROGERS.

(For the Optimistic Views, see the 1916-17 Martin Box)

*The Martin Box*  
Nineteen Hundred Sixteen



CURRENT EVENTS



— E. Smitson —  
16

## Troubles In the Martin Nest

(With Apologies to Kipling.)

"What are the bells a-ring-ing for?" said the Teacher-on-Parade.  
"To try them out, to try them out," the high-headed Hostess said.

"What makes you look so white, so white?" said the Teacher-on-Parade.

"I'm dreading what we've got to do," the high-headed Hostess said.  
"For they're questioning Nellie Holt. Can't you hear Elizabeth Yancey pray?

They've taken away their privileges and are going to have THEIR way,  
And they've quizzed Lucile Davis and Braly all this morning."

"What makes those new girls breathe so hard?" said the Teacher-on-Parade.

"They're awful scared, they're awful scared," the high-headed Hostess said.

"What makes Mary Neal Donoho stare around?" said the Teacher-on-Parade.

"A letter or two, a letter or two," the high-headed Hostess said.

"They are trying Ellen Smithson, they're inquiring all around,

"They have halted Kathleen Tompkins and they're keeping them on the grounds,

And we will know in half a minute, for its messages they've found.  
Oh! they're 'campusing' girls a-plenty this cold morning."

"Where are Essie Graves and Minnie Shipp?" said the Teacher-on-Parade.

"They're sick at heart, just sick at heart," the high-headed Hostess said.  
"Beatrice Roberts, Marguerite Davis, here?" said the Teacher-on-Parade.

"They're shedding tears, they are sorrow *full*," the high-headed Hostess said.

"For they are done with carrying messages; they have promised that to-day.

Yes, and Lucile Jarratt, Mary Rogers and Maurine Murr-a-y.  
They're all sad and solemn looking, and they'll have a chill, I dare say,  
After hearing all Prof. had to say this cold morning."

"I want Mattie Carter and Rebecca Parker," said the Teacher-on-Parade.

"They were spending the night, they were spending the night," the high-headed Hostess said.

"What? Where? Where? Where?" said the Teacher-on-Parade.

"With Sadie Stenbeck and Katharine Wade," the high-headed Hostess said.

"There were two little beds, just two wee little beds,  
But they found Parker under one, all except her little (?) head.  
They'll be giving them demerits, and there will be a-plenty said  
To the "visiting girls" of Martin, too, this morning."

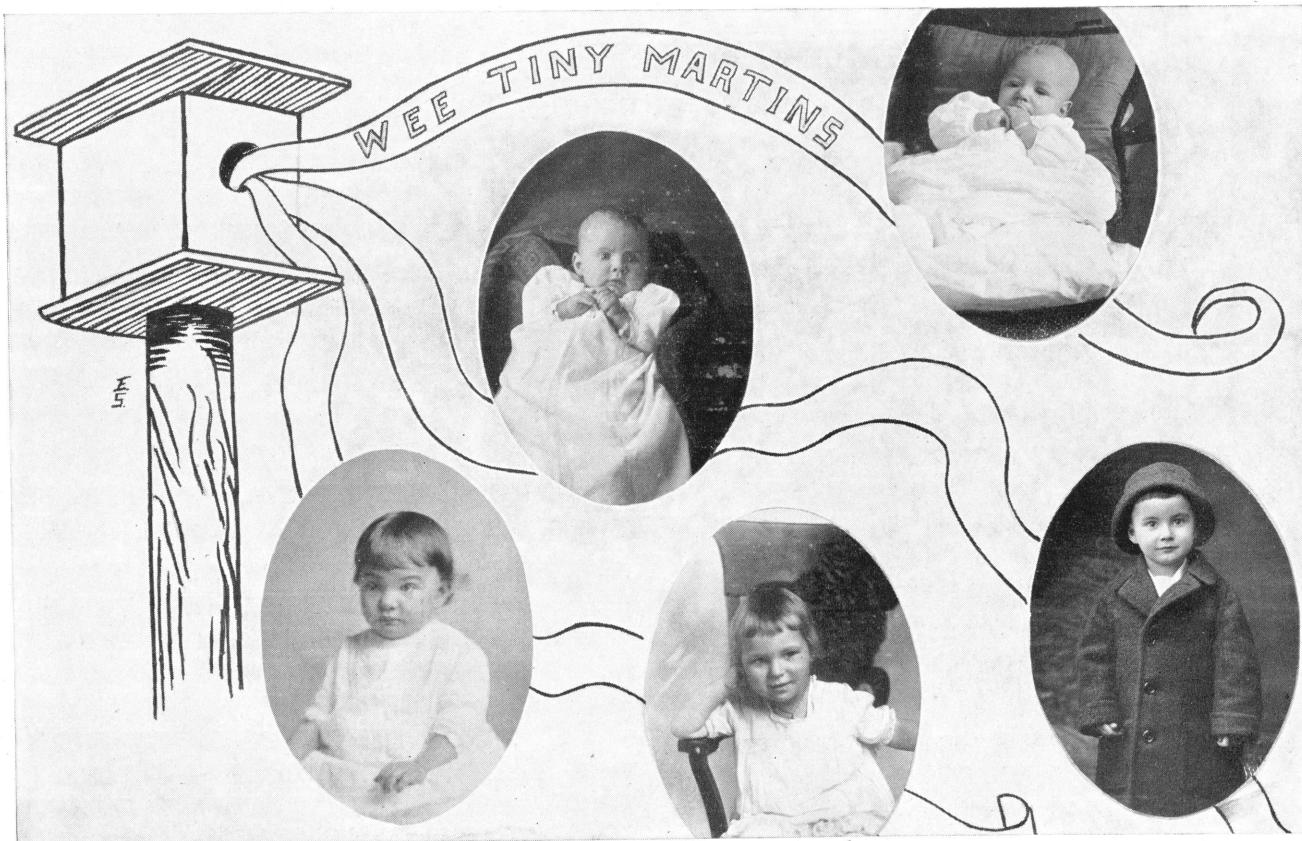
"Look at those white, white handkerchiefs!" said the Teacher-on-Parade.

"There's mischief up, there's mischief up," the high-headed Hostess said.

"For they're Irene Vaughn and Gladys Smith, I saw them there today;  
They're waving at those Massey boys who pass sixty times a day.  
Now, those poor little girls must pay for that, pay for that,  
And be talked too by Prof., too, this morning."

# *The Martin Box*

Nineteen Hundred Sixteen



JAS. CHURCH, JR.  
(SON OF JAS. L. AND MYRTLE  
BOULDIN CHURCH)

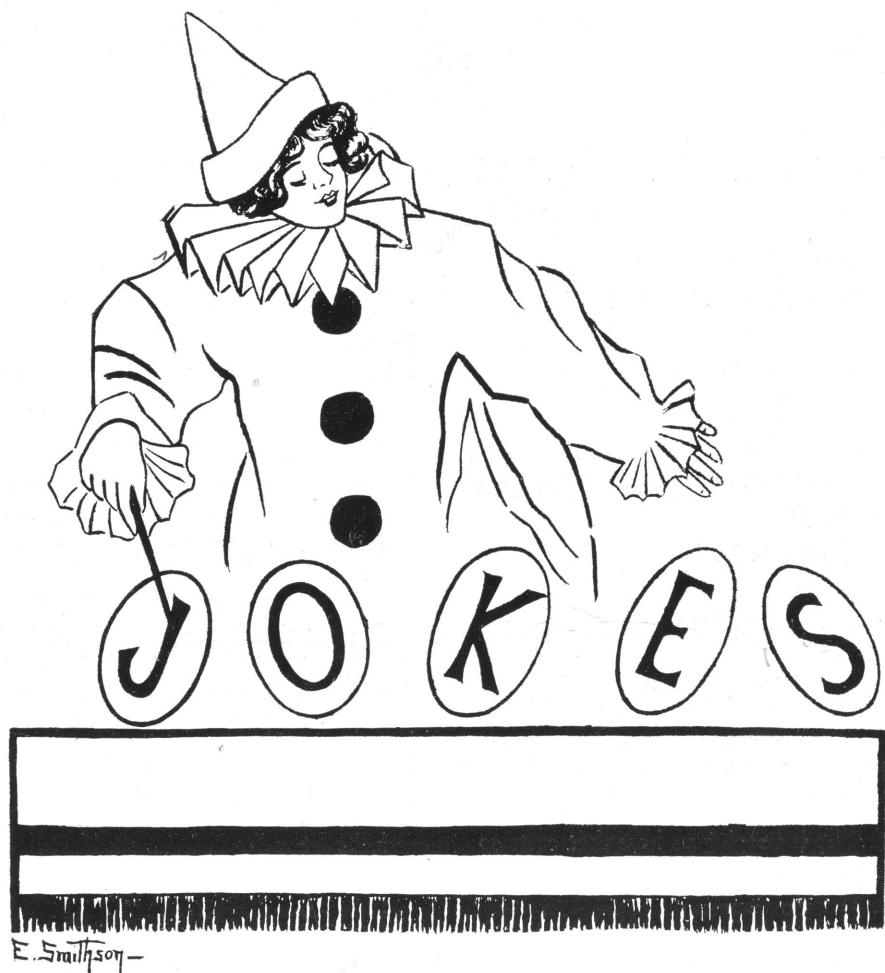
KENNETH WELCH, JR.  
(SON OF KENNETH AND ADE-  
LAIDE SEVIER WELCH)

MARGARET APPLETON  
(DAUGHTER OF T. C. AND ORLEN  
COBBS APPLETON)

MARY MILDRED WYNN  
(DAUGHTER OF PRESIDENT AND  
MRS. WYNN)

CHAS. RICHARDSON, JR.  
(SON OF CHAS. AND RUTH  
WORLEY RICHARDSON)

*The Martin Box*  
Nineteen Hundred Sixteen



## Jokes

Gladys Smith: "I am just crazy about Italians, but I do hate dagoes."

\* \* \*

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,  
If hash don't kill us, little fishes must!

\* \* \*

Miss Poer: "Mary Louise, what is a human?"  
Mary Louise: "Just what I am."

\* \* \*

Ola Anderson (Sunday night at supper): "I've been reading Genesis all afternoon."

Bonnie Simpson "Who wrote it?"

\* \* \*

Miss Drane (in Biology class): "Mattie Carter, what is the symmetry of man?"

Mattie Carter: "Civilization, I suppose."

\* \* \*

Adelaide: "Oh, Emma, doesn't it cost your father a lot to send you and Mattie both to school?"

Emma: "Not much. It is keeping us here that costs so much."

\* \* \*

Miss Drane: "Margaret Alexander, tell me what kind of climate they have in the Mediterranean region?"

Margaret: "Why, they have clear clouds and fur bearing trees."

\* \* \*

In Senior English one day the girl's were told to get Arnold's Poems and bring to class next time. In the afternoon Tom Sutton went to the office and said: "Mr. Wynn, I want a copy of Benedict Arnold's poems."

\* \* \*

Gladys Smith and Kathryn Brazelton went in Loyd's Drug Store and called for a banana split.

Clerk: "I am sorry, but we do not have any ice cream."

Gladys: "Well, give us a 'Martin Special,' please."

\* \* \*

He (at the Junior-Senior reception): "May I tell you the old, old story?"

The Martin girl looked down, blushed, and nodded her assent. So he told her (for the twenty-seventh time) "how he once won the game for Massey."

\* \* \*

Miss Poer (to Edwina Gaines): "Where are the Tigris and Euphrates Rivers?"

Edwina: "In Egypt."

Miss Poer: "W-h-e-r-e?"

Edwina: "Oh! I mean in the Bible."

*The Martin Box*  
Nineteen Hundred Sixteen

Mary Rogers: "Miss Bagby, I expect to go down to Athens to-morrow night."

Miss B.: "Well, what for?"

Mary: "'Everywoman' is to be there."

Miss B.: "Some mistake about that, I guess, for here's one that won't be there."

\* \* \*

Pearl had been to town and bought a waist for two dollars and ninety-nine cents. On returning to the college

she discovered that the clerk had given her back two pennies instead of one.

Pearl (troubled): "Oh, Myrtle, do you suppose that I am guilty of theft?"

Myrtle: "Oh, no, of course not, for you can prove you are 'in a cent.' "

\* \* \*

Mattie Carter: "Emma, your dresses seem rather flimsy here of late."

Emma Faires: "Yes. The doctor says I must avoid anything with starch in it if I want to reduce my flesh."



*The Martin Box*  
*Nineteen Hundred Sixteen*

## Locals

The Fair for the benefit of the Library was a great success.

\* \* \*

The Y. W. C. A. sale this year was the most successful we have ever had.

\* \* \*

On Friday evening January 21, 1916, the Massey boys entertained the Martin girls with a reception.

\* \* \*

The Alumnæ Association entertained the Faculty and the Senior Class with a tea, given in honor of Mrs. Spofford.

\* \* \*

The Massey boys entertained the Martin College girls and a few guests out in town with a reception on the evening of October 30, 1915.

\* \* \*

A delightful day in the woods was enjoyed by all of the

students during the fall term. Through the kindness of Mr. Scales, we gathered nuts and forgot our lessons for one day.

\* \* \*

School opened on September 15, 1915, with even greater prospects than we had anticipated. All of the girls were entertained on the evening of our arrival September 14, 1915, by the Y. W. C. A. This was a delightful way in which to become acquainted with one another.

\* \* \*

Of course, we reminded Mr. Wynn and the faculty of their promise of a two days vacation Thanksgiving, made last year, and of course we got the two days. Several of the girls spent the time at home, but those who remained at the college were given a real Thanksgiving dinner; then we enjoyed the Massey-Branham and Hughes game in the afternoon, for as usual Massey won. Then in the evening Mr. and Mrs. Wynn and the faculty gave a reception in the parlors of Martin Hall for the girls and the Massey boys.

## Limericks

We have a young lady named Parker,  
Who is somewhat a peach of a larker.  
She can get under a bed  
With all but her head,  
This wonderful young lady named Parker.

There was a young lady named Peeler,  
Who took her heart to a magical healer.  
She came back from her trip,  
With her heart in the grip  
Of this wonderful magical healer.

There was a young lady named Jean,  
Whose style was not strictly called lean,  
Still she ate all the day,  
In a ravenous way,  
Till she looked like a real jelly bean.

There was a dignified young Junior named Cat,  
Who out on the log calmly sat,  
Until along came a lad  
Whose heart was her fad.  
She then lost all her calmness, Miss Cat.

There was a young lady from Kalamazoo,  
Whose manners and thoughts were as pure as the dew.  
Her fame stretched so far,  
That our success she did mar,  
Because Prof. made of her "Much Ado."

Miss Marguerite Davis, don't 'cher know?  
Once in a window sat, don't 'cher know?  
Then looked down on the ground,  
And a man there was found.  
She called him "my Cousin" Pat,  
And talked to him after that—  
This little Miss Davis, don't 'cher know?  
Don't 'cher know?

*The Martin Box*  
Nineteen Hundred Sixteen

## Do You Know That On Our Faculty—

As President we have a man called Wynn,  
Whose style of build is very thin.  
From Georgia he comes,  
And he makes things hum,  
This wonderful President Wynn.

From Georgia comes Miss Aileen Poer,  
Bringing with her histories galore.  
Each lass resents her current events,  
For they are a terrible bore.

From Kentucky comes Miss Hazel Tanner,  
Bringing with her a suffragette banner,  
Teaching us of expression  
Without a digression,  
This wonderful teacher named Tanner.

Miss Bagby is the teacher of Latin,  
But on her diet we'll never fatten,  
She'll give us a quiz  
That'll make us all fiz,  
This marvelous teacher of Latin.

The math teacher's name is Sherrer,  
I tell you she's a terror,  
And girls in her classes  
Work hard for their passes,  
And wish they'd never been near'er.

## College Yells

### COLLEGE YELLS

Razzle, dazzle, hobble, gobble,  
Siz, Boom, Bah!  
Martin! Martin!  
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah,  
Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah,  
Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah,  
Martin! Martin!

Hippity Hus! Hippity Hus!  
What in the world is the matter with us?  
Nothing at all! Nothing at all!  
We are the Martin girls,  
That's all.

## College Song

Let us greet our dear old College  
With a hearty cheer,  
For our hearts are ever loyal  
To Alma Mater, dear.

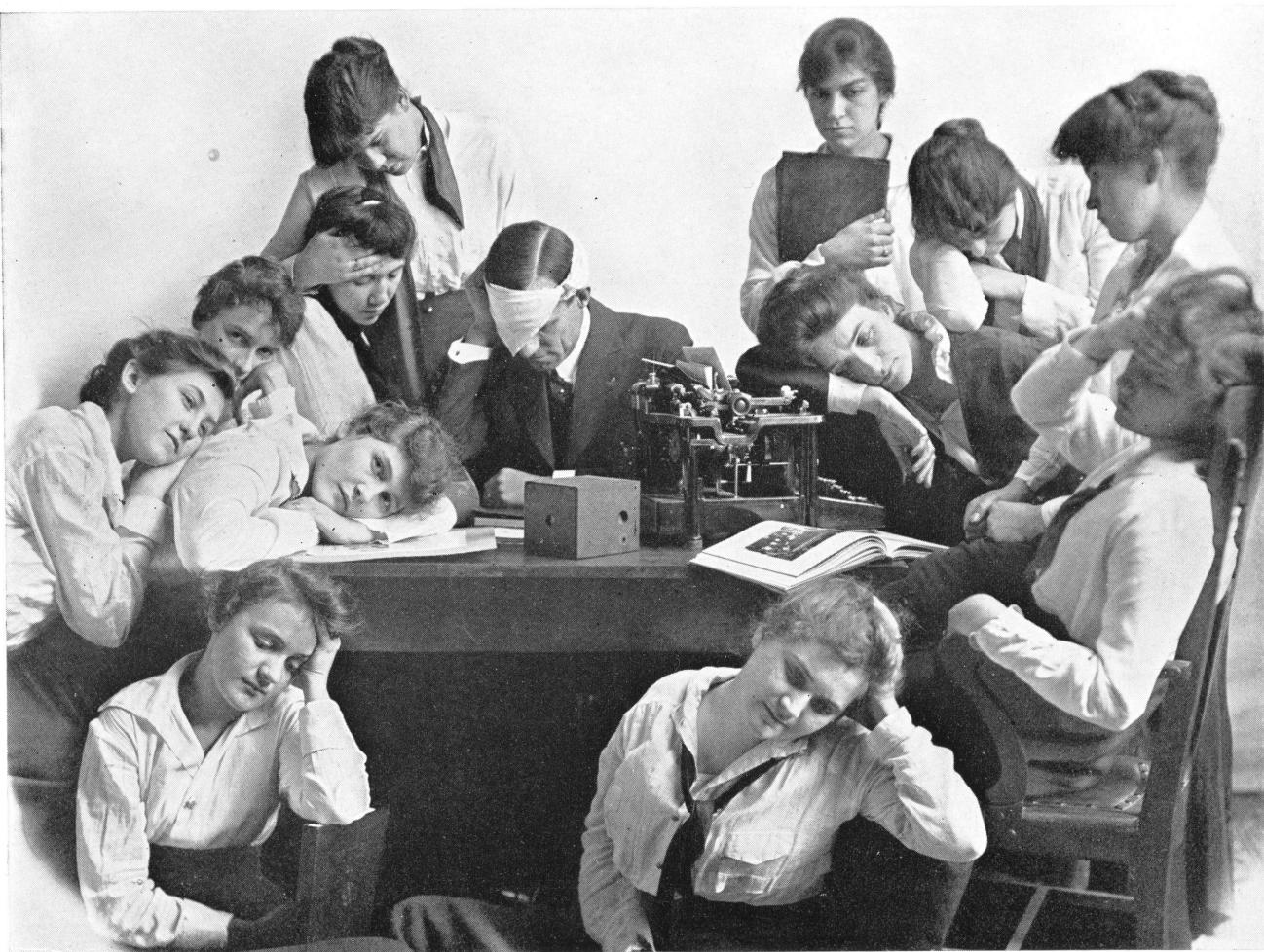
We're the students of old Martin,  
A College old and dear:  
With our faces all set onward,  
Voices ringing clear.

Broad the fields about her lying  
Soft and blue the sky:  
Sing, Ah! sing aloud her praises,  
Raise the flag on high.

CHORUS  
For our bond can ne'er be broken,  
Sealed by friendship's tie:  
Our true hearts will ever cherish  
Memories gone by.

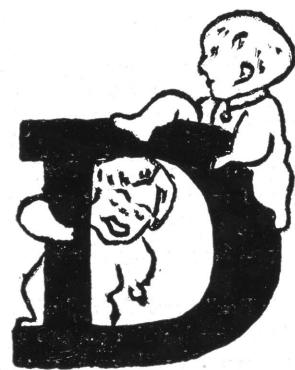
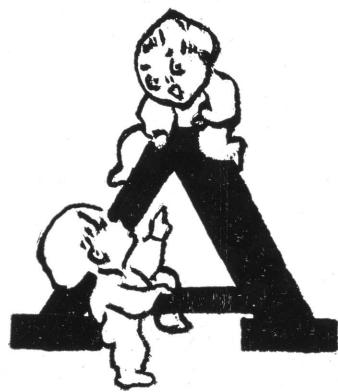
(Arranged by Edith Ponder, Tracy City, Tennessee.)

*The Martin Box*  
Nineteen Hundred Sixteen



THE GRAND FINALE

*The Martin Box*  
Nineteen Hundred Sixteen



*The Martin Box*  
*Nineteen Hundred Sixteen*

## To Our Advertisers

Of all our friends the ones dearest in our eyes  
Are those who with us so generously advertise,  
You are loyal and true to our good cause,  
And from singing your praises we'll never pause.

You've made possible our "Martin Box" dear,  
And aided us from the very first year.  
Your help is highly appreciated,  
And our respect for you can't be rated.

As our "Martin Box" travels far and wide,  
It'll tell of your goods which are true and tried,  
And we trust your profits will ever be great,  
Because of what our Annual will state.

*Lynette Jones, '16.*

# MARTIN COLLEGE

PREPARATORY AND JUNIOR COLLEGE  
PULASKI, TENNESSEE

OFFERS to girls and young women a large and well selected faculty and a complete course of study, embracing Music, Domestic Science, Art, Oratory, Normal and Academic Work.

¶ Graduates from the PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT enter all the Grade A Colleges and Universities of the Southern and North Central Associations without examination. This courtesy is also extended to us by Wellesley and Mt. Holyoke.

¶ Graduates from the JUNIOR COLLEGE DEPARTMENT enter the third year (Junior Class) of such institutions as Peabody, University of Tennessee, University of Alabama, etc.

## HEALTH RECORD UNSURPASSED

ENROLLMENT DOUBLED IN LAST EIGHT YEARS

Statement of  
**UNION BANK and  
TRUST COMPANY**

PULASKI, TENNESSEE

Jan. 4, 1916

RESOURCES

LOANS AND DISCOUNTS.....	\$404,706.28
FURNITURE AND FIXTURES.....	4,978.35
CASH .....	136,549.93
	<hr/>
	\$546,234.56

LIABILITIES

CAPITAL STOCK.....	\$ 60,000.00
SURPLUS AND PROFITS.....	71,399.59
DEPOSITS .....	398,866.41
BILLS PAYABLE.....	15,000.00
CASHIER'S CHECKS.....	768.66
CERTIFICATE OF DEPOSITS.....	200.00
	<hr/>
	\$546,234.56

This Bank prides itself upon the close and careful attention given to the business of its patrons.

We will be pleased to act as executor of wills, as guardian, trustee or assignee—in fact, in any fiduciary capacity.

**J. J. LONG**  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
**GROCER**



**Country  
Products**

EVERYTHING FRESH  
EVERY DAY

PHONES 195 AND 21

PULASKI, TENNESSEE

## “Girls!” Don’t Forget!

The Quality and Service Store  
On the Corner

We have so many things that appeal to those who desire the finest, that it is impossible to name them here. So, instead, we invite you, one and all, to visit us often. We can supply your wants.

### The Modern Grocery Co.

FINE GROCERIES  
Telephone 155-154  
PULASKI, TENNESSEE

## Robinson-McGill Vehicles

The kind the tasty customer shows  
no doubt about

CAREFULLY SELECTED MATERIAL  
HIGH-GRADE WORKMANSHIP  
RIGID INSPECTION

Our Motto:

*A better buggy for the money than any competitor*

Sold in Giles County Exclusively by

### The Robinson-McGill Buggy Co.

PULASKI, TENNESSEE

## W. P. Reeves & Son

PREScription DRUGGISTS

EAST SIDE SQUARE

Telephone 75 PULASKI, TENNESSEE

“*Merit Will Win*”

Try our delicious ice cream and drinks and you will buy it often. We also carry a complete line of Drugs, Stationery and Toilet Articles.

PROMPT DELIVERY

## Cohen's Grocery

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

GROCERIES  
and PRODUCE



Telephone 34

PULASKI, TENN.

## The Citizen's Bank



CAPITAL ..... \$ 60,000.00  
SURPLUS AND UND. PROF.... 56,600.00

Total ..... \$116,600.00

FOUR PER CENT  
INTEREST ON SAVINGS DEPOSITS

## Call KING & SISK

FOR  
EVERYTHING CARRIED IN A FIRST-CLASS  
DRY GOODS STORE

*Specialties:*

Utz & Dunn Shoes, Laces and Embroideries,  
Thompson's Corsets, Eiffel Silk Hosiery

*Our Most Valued Asset is Satisfied Customers*

Phone 83

PULASKI, TENNESSEE

## Kodaks

FILM—ALBUMS—FINISHING

DEVELOPING 5c PER ROLL

ENLARGING

Geo. C. Dury & Co.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

## NEAT NIFTY NOVEL

THE STORE WHERE YOUR LITTLE CHANGE  
DOES DOUBLE DUTY

ISAAC'S 5, 10 and  
25c Store

The Home of  
GOOD CANDIES  
At 10c a lb.

# SHORT BROS. & STONE

*Quality Store*

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING  
SHOES, MEN'S FURNISHINGS  
AND LADIES' READY-TO-WEAR

Telephone 74

PULASKI, TENNESSEE

## SEE RAGSDALE REALTY CO.

PULASKI, TENNESSEE

If Interested in

SOUTHERN REAL ESTATE, FARM AND TIMBER  
LANDS, MINERAL LANDS, FORD AUTOMOBILES  
LOANS ON FARM LANDS. RATE 5½%

*We Buy, Sell and Trade*

## THE PLACE TO TRADE

PHONES 437 AND 438

For Roller Champion and Tip-Top Flours, Chase and Sanborn's Coffees and Teas, Premier and Monarch Canned and Bottled Goods, Miller and Hart's Breakfast Bacon and Hams, "Heinz 57," Lowney's Chocolates and Bon-Bons, Fresh Vegetables and Tropical Fruits, or call at the Pure Food Store for Good Things to Eat. Polite Attention and Prompt Delivery.

## HARWELL & BURCH

South Side Square

PULASKI, TENNESSEE

## J. T. GLENN

SANITARY PLUMBING AND HEATING

JOB AND COUNTRY WORK A SPECIALTY

PNEUMATIC WATER SYSTEMS  
ACETYLENE LIGHTING PLANTS  
GASOLINE ENGINES AND RAMS  
ELECTRIC AND WATER MOTORS

ALL WORK GUARANTEED

11 South First Street

Telephone 543

PULASKI, TENNESSEE

# Massey School FOR BOYS

FIRST-CLASS BUILDINGS  
FIRST-CLASS TEACHERS  
FIRST-CLASS LIBRARY

PULASKI, TENNESSEE

# LONG BROS.

TRADERS IN  
DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, SHOES  
MILLINERY AND LADIES'  
READY-TO-WEAR  
LADIES' FINE SHOES  
A SPECIALTY

Telephone 290

PULASKI, TENNESSEE

# Loyd Drug Co.

Drugs : Stationery  
Books

CANDY AND SODA WATER

Originators of the Famous  
"MARTIN SPECIAL"

*The Kind the Girls All Like*

Telephone 55

PULASKI, TENNESSEE

PATRONIZE

# Martin College

PULASKI  
TENNESSEE

## ALEXANDER & MARTIN

PHONE 204

SCHOOL SUPPLIES, FOUNTAIN PENS  
CUT FLOWERS AND STATIONERY

Drink at Our Fountain  
MARTIN SPECIAL, 10 CENTS

## DR. N. N. WOODWARD

DENTIST

Office Over Johnson & Edmondson

THINK OF US WHEN IN NEED OF  
**BIRTHDAY, GRADUATION and WEDDING GIFTS**

Also WATCH AND JEWELRY REPAIRING

WE ARE GRADUATE OPTOMETRISTS

Let Us Test Your Eyes

E. H. MURRAY JEWELRY CO.

Telephone 10

PULASKI, TENN.

**T. M. BOOTH & SON**  
OVERLAND AUTOMOBILES AND ALL  
KINDS OF SUPPLIES

*Expert Workmen and Prompt Service*

GIVE US CALL WHEN IN TROUBLE OR WHEN YOU

NEED ANYTHING IN OUR LINE

PULASKI, TENN.

## Pulaski Produce Company

DAVID W. BLOW, Proprietor

WHOLESALE ONLY

HIGHLAND EGG FARM

THOROUGHBRED WHITE LEGHORNS

Eggs and Stock for Sale

**THE PREMIER Line of College Stationery**

VISITING CARDS, COMMENCEMENT INVITATIONS,  
MONOGRAM and FRATERNITY STATIONERY

IS MADE BY

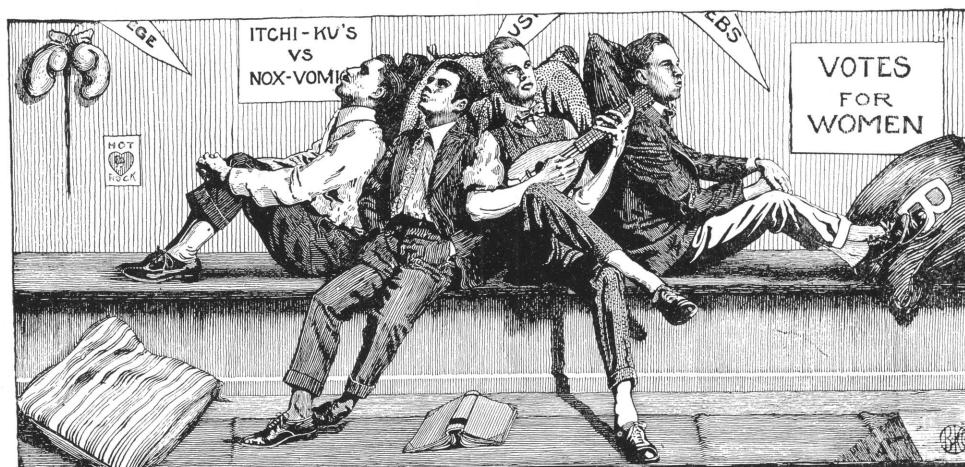
**Harcourt & Company** *Stationers and Engravers*  
LOUISVILLE, KY.

Write for Samples or Mention Name to Your Dealer  
When You want the BEST in this Line

## Civic League

FOR several years the Civic League has been an important factor in Pulaski, and many things concerning civic improvements have been accomplished. Our Mary White Rest Room for women is a joy and comfort to our country and traveling public who happen to pass this way. It is located on the first floor of the Court House, a large, comfortable Room with a Southern exposure; is equipped with all modern conveniences. A maid is there each day from 8 to 6 o'clock to serve the visitors. The Civic League maintains the room, and it is visited by hundreds each year. It has been the inspiration of many other rest rooms being established, not only in Tennessee, but the South.

*When in Pulaski visit the MARY WHITE REST ROOM*



# College Annuals and Catalogues

College Engravings are our specialty  
Ask for samples, prices and Instruction book

**BUSH-KREBS COMPANY**

408 W. Main St. INCORPORATED Louisville, Ky.

E. F. CORBITT

MAKER OF

High-  
Grade Photos



415 1-2 Church Street  
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE  
Telephone Main 2211

PATRONIZE  
THOSE WHO  
PATRONIZE  
US



For High-Class, Dependable, Imported or Domestic  
DRY GOODS, LADIES' FURNISHING GOODS AND  
LATEST NOVELTIES OF THE DAY

Call on Sol Cohn's Department Store  
Agents for ZIEGLER and MAY MANTON FINE SHOES  
Every Pair Guaranteed to Wear or Your Money Back  
YOUR PATRONAGE WILL BE APPRECIATED

## MAY BROTHERS

Phoenix Hosiery, Ladies'  
and Misses' Shoes

TELEPHONE 485

C. WESLEY TIDWELL  
FOR GROCERIES, DRY GOODS, SHOES  
AND NOTIONS  
HIGH-GRADE CHINA, SEMI-PORCELAIN  
AND GLASSWARE  
Your Patronage Solicited                   TELEPHONE 25

Tennessee-Alabama Grocery Co.  
WHOLESALE GROCERS  
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS  
T. A. G. BRAND CANNED GOODS  
PULASKI, TENN.                           ATHENS, ALA.

DR. W. W. MARTIN  
DENTIST  
Office Over  
NATIONAL PEOPLES BANK  
Telephone 87

THE SOUTH'S GREATEST BOOKSTORES  
Will supply you quickly with ANY book you want at the LOWEST  
possible price. We carry a full line of Stationery, Fountain Pens, Fi-  
ction, Bibles, Post Cards, Gift Books. Write us for Catalog.  
PUBLISHING HOUSE M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH  
SMITH & LAMAR, Agents  
*Nashville, Tenn., Richmond, Va., Dallas, Texas*  
ORDER FROM NEAREST HOUSE

THE ROSE STORES  
PULASKI—TUSCALOOSA—ATHENS  
CONCENTRATED BUYING  
PRODUCES LOWER PRICES

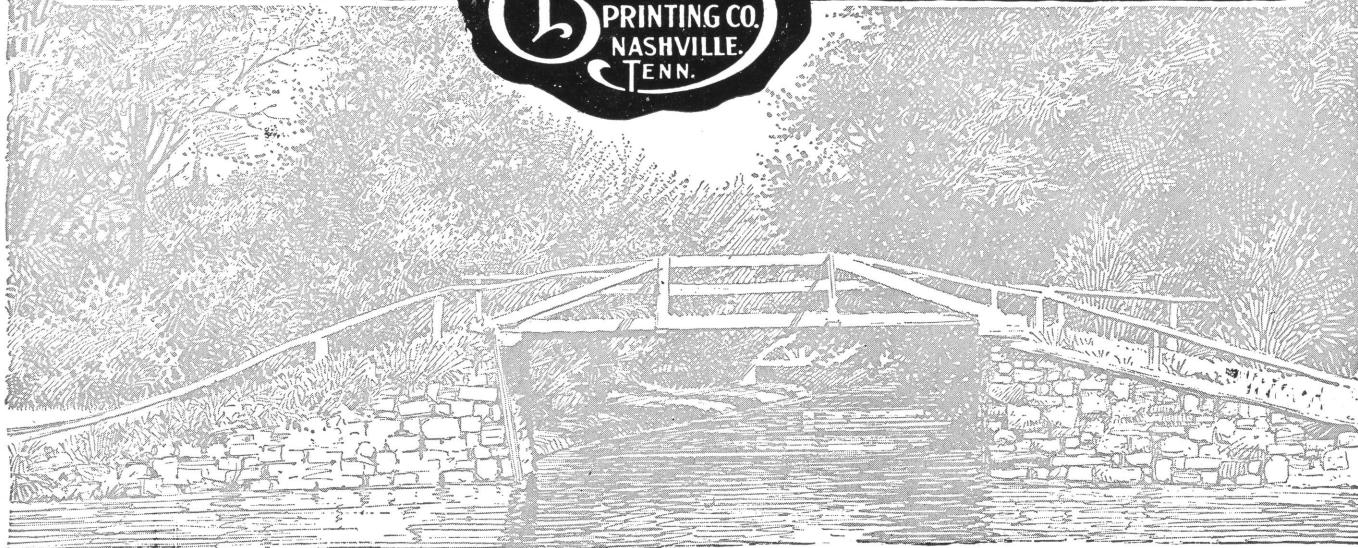
APPLETON  
Photographs and Picture Frames  
Telephone 13  
PULASKI, TENNESSEE

## THIS BOOK IS A SAMPLE OF OUR WORK

THE HOUSE OF BENSON is a printing plant specially equipped—a complete organization, artists, designers and workmen—whose thought and inspiration is concentrated in the production of college annuals and school literature. Each year annuals are printed for such institutions as Vanderbilt, Tulane, Alabama, Sewanee, Cumberland, Trinity College, Mississippi A. & M., Kentucky State, Transylvania, Marietta College, La. State University, and many others.

College Annuals, Booklets,  
Catalogs, Programs

*Samples and Prices Cheerfully  
Furnished Upon Request*



A. S. KINSEY, SOUTHERN REPRESENTATIVE  
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

# STEELE-WEDELES Co.

## WHOLESALE GROCERS

---

IMPORTERS, JOBBERS AND  
MANUFACTURERS

SOUTH WATER AND  
LASALLE STREETS

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

